The Bystander, June 5, 1918.—No. 757. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER

HINDERING HINDENBURG

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. Gerrard 3527
Nightly, 7.45. Mon., Wed. Sat., 2.15.
The J. L. Sacks, Limited, production
"THE LILAC DOMINO."

HIPPODROME, LONDON. At 2.30 and 8.15.
"BOX O' TRICKS!"
HARRY TATE, Etc. The Hippodrome Beauty Chorus.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.20
Programme for week commencing Monday, June 3.
MARIE LLOYD, HARRY WELDON, BRANSBY WILLIAMS, CORAM, SPAIN & JACKSON, SCOTCH KELLY, CISSY LUPINO, GOMEZ TRIO, 8 STELLA GIRLS.

OXFORD. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.
C. B. Cochran's Stupendous Success, "THE BETTER 'OLE."
By Bruce Bairnsfather and Arthur Eliot.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER as "Old Bill." Smoking permitted.

ADELPHI, STRAND (Ger. 2645). "THE BOY."
W. H. BERRY, Nellie Taylor, Maidie Hope, Donald Calthrop, Maudie Dunham, C. M. Lowne, William Matthews.
EVENINGS at 7.45. Mats., Wed. and Sat. at 2.

PRINCE OF WALES. FAIR AND WARMER.
FAY COMPTON, Margaret Halstan, Billie Carleton, Ronald Squire, George Relph, and DAVID MILLER.
"THE BEST LAUGH IN LONDON.—Daily Papers.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production. (2nd year).
Lauri de Frece, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Pop Cory, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, Ivy Duke and Jose Collins.
EVENINGS, at 7.45. MATS., TUES., SAT., and MON., Aug. 5, at 2.

Notice to "Bystander" Readers.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

(EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT).

Principal Office: Nos. 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

will pay to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket:

£2,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to a railway-train, public omnibus tramcar or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a ticket (or pass) bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to a passenger steamship in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a fare-paying passenger

Or will pay to such holder should such accident cause non-fatal injury to such holder:

£1,000 for the loss of Two Limbs by actual separation at or above the wrist or ankle; or

£500 for the Loss of One Limb as above defined.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz.:

1. That such death or loss shall occur within thirty days after and as the direct and sole result of the injury.

2. That notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident.

3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.

4. That such holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his (or her) usual signature in ink or pencil in the space provided underneath, and that this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, so signed shall be forwarded to the Corporation with the notice of injury or death.

5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds good only from midnight of Monday, 13th 3rd day of June, 1918, until midnight of Wednesday, the 12th day of June, 1918.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Signature of holder.....

This Coupon does not insure against War Risks.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy. Canada, under 11lb. 1*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be 4*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Under Contract with His Majesty's Government.

P & O and British India

Mail and Passenger Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA, NEW ZEALAND (via PANAMA CANAL).

P. & O. Australian Tickets interchangeable one way by New Zealand Shipping Company (viâ Panama) or by Orient Line.

For particulars of Sailings, apply P. & O. and BRITISH INDIA Passenger Dept., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

BRITISH INDIA COMPANY.—For general information apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

THE CHURCH ARMY

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916) asks for

£80,000

to replace, as soon as circumstances permit,

100 RECREATION CENTRES

(HUTS, TENTS, CLUBS, Etc.),

destroyed and lost during recent fighting, and for upkeep of 800 other Centres, and many other War activities.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W. 1.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(*Incorporated under Royal Charter.*)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

DEVELOPING or PRINTING.
The best possible got out of every negative and every print—every time. No waiting. Any size, 1/- for 12 exposures, 6d. for 6. Prints, Postcards and Enlargements List Free. Cameras bought or exchanged.
MARTIN, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CHEMIST, SOUTHAMPTON

SCHOOLS and TUTORS.

MESSRS. J. & J. PATON, having an intimate, unique, and up-to-date knowledge of the BEST SCHOOLS and TUTORS in this country, will be pleased to AID PARENTS in their choice by sending (free of charge) prospectuses and TRUSTWORTHY INFORMATION.

The age of the pupil, district preferred, and rough idea of fees should be given. 'Phone, write, or call.
J. & J. PATON, Educational Agents, 143, Cannon Street, London, E.C. 4.
Telephone 5053 Central.

SIX DAYS ADRIFT IN THE NORTH SEA!
Supreme test of the concentrated food value of

HORLICK'S

MALTED MILK TABLETS

To HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., Slough, Bucks.
Dear Sirs,—As a member of the Royal Naval Air Service it will interest you to know that I recently proved the extreme value of your Malted Milk Tablets. In a flight over the North Sea on May 24th, 1917, the machine developed engine trouble and the pilot was compelled to descend, and we were left for six days adrift. To make matters worse the sea-plane capsized, and on the first day my companion lost a Thermos Flask filled with hot cocoa. From that time until we were picked up on the afternoon of May 29th (the sixth day) my companion and myself had no other form of nourishment but your Malted Milk Tablets contained in one of your well-known Ration Tins, except a ship's candle which we found in some drifting wreckage.
I feel, therefore, that we absolutely owe our lives to the contents of your invaluable Ration Tin, and I have the greatest pleasure in informing you of these facts, and express my gratitude for so compact a Ration Tin containing so much nutriment.
Yours truly (signed),——R.N.A.S.

SEND THEM TO YOUR NAVAL AND MILITARY FRIENDS
See that the name Horlick's appears on every Container.
Of all Chemists and Stores, or we will forward one of these tins post free to any address on receipt of 1/6. Give full name and address, or name of ship, also give your own name and address when sending remittance to
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.
SIR JAMES HORLICK, Bart., President

BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Foch-Fabius

THE strategy of General Foch appears to be founded on that of another great general of times long gone—Fabius, consul and dictator, and known to fame as Cunctator or "the Delayer." Just as the Roman refused a decisive engagement until he could put his whole force into the blow, so Foch is content to fall back before the Hun advance until the moment comes for him to strike; and when that moment comes, we may hope that the fate of the invading Huns will be identical with that of the invading Carthaginians. Meanwhile, one is lost in admiration of the confidence of the French nation in their leader, and of their composure in the face of last week's over-running of more of the fair land of France.

The Great Offensive

OUR national genius for taking punishment and for waiting until we can hit back, and hit home with a deadly punch and all our weight behind it, is being wondrously displayed just now. In all really well-informed circles, confidence is supreme and utterly unshattered. Rival optimists and pessimists are for the most part silent. Those wiseacres who are ever so strident when nothing is doing, hold their peace at the actual clash of arms. And surely everyone knows that anything that has happened so far is but a first chapter in the book of heroism and destiny wherein our ultimate triumph will be writ large.

Their Costly Gain

ANYONE can advance in war at a cost. It is to our vital interest that the enemy should pay that cost, and that is what they are doing. The untold reserves from the States and elsewhere will shortly neutralise the disparity in force, and before long give to us superiority. Meantime the enemy is obliging us by flinging his men into the cauldron of death. One day, and before many months have sped, the turn for *our* sweep will come; and by then the German eagle will have lost its claws. Meantime, to the grand lads of the Allies, who are battling against heavy odds, we offer our humble tribute of admiration and a gratitude beyond all words.

"Carry On"

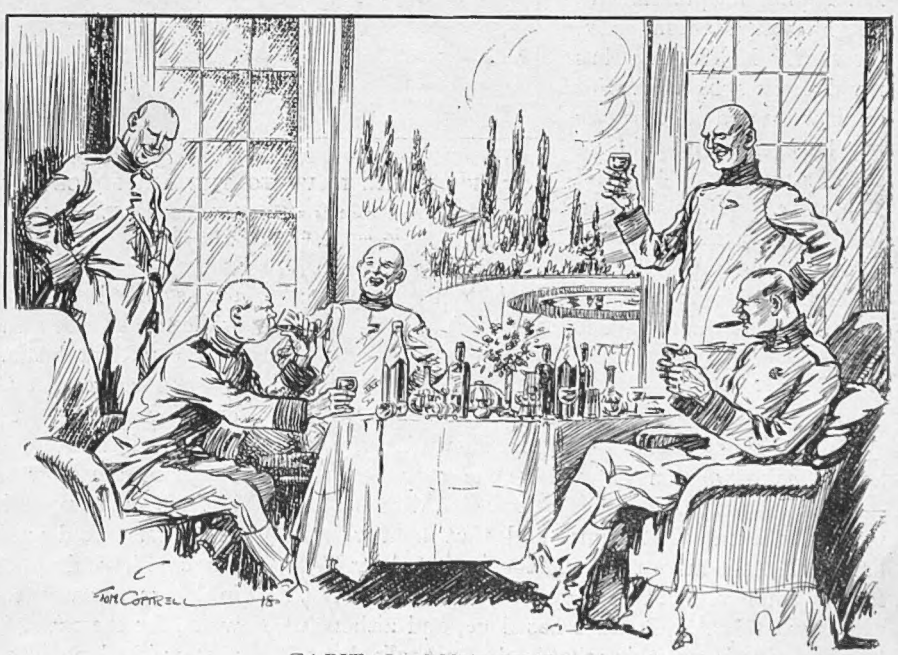
IT is perilous to change habits suddenly. Some of my elderly friends have, for reasons in every way creditable to them, forsworn the particular form of liquid refreshment to which they have accustomed themselves for a lifetime. They have simply done it because they feel that at a time like this they desire to give up something that counts. Well, it *does* count. It simply deranges them. They are all nerves and outrageousness. They are martyrs to themselves and an intolerable nuisance to all about them. While there is a bottle of port left I propose to be normal and nice and decline to be pall'd and jumpy. And if I did not do this for my own sake I should certainly do it in the interests of my friends. So please call for the waiter and go on smiling.

Racing

VERY few will object to the limitation of race-meetings once they realise that it is to meet national needs. The case both for and against has suffered from the overstatement that is inevitable when passions rise. That racing should be entirely suspended would undoubtedly be disastrous to the breeding of the best horses. That worthless geldings and platers should be the means of laying burdens on railway traffic is equally unwise and intolerable.

Other Popular Pastimes

MEANTIME it should be realised that racing is a national habit and a public entertainment, quite as popularly interesting as the theatres or the magazines. Hundreds of thousands of our people



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

"A Gotha crew have been captured after bombing a hospital."—*Daily Press.*

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

find relief in the anxiety of life and the monotony of toil by following the fortunes of racehorses, which, in all likelihood, they will never see. The present compromise should be acceptable to all parties.

Catholic—or Merely Irish?

IN striking contrast to the action of the Catholic priests in Ireland, who administered a pledge to their flocks to resist conscription by every means in their power, was last week's procession of 12,000 Catholics at Westminster, the object of which was to offer public petition for the success of the Allies. A correspondent points out that the reason for the Irish priests' action is the fact that they are Irishmen, and not the fact that they are Catholics. This is probably true, for English Catholics have certainly shown themselves to be as loyal a body of men as could be wished for. It is a pity that their example seems to have no effect upon the behaviour of their colleagues across the Irish Channel; especially as the power wielded by the priest over the ignorant must always be more effective than among the educated.

"The Old Volunteer"

I WONDER who the impudent—nay, impious—fellow was who dared to pull the leg of the editor of the *Times* with his forged Kipling "poem." I pity him when the sleuths of Printing House Square eventually unveil his identity. Even if they only hand him over to Mr. Kipling for punishment, his lot would be far from pleasant. Mr. Kipling has my sincerest sympathy. Not at his worst and most cryptic has he ever been guilty of such stuff as "The Old Volunteer." Both he and the *Times* would have been spared much trouble by the expenditure of ninepence on a telegram of inquiry; but the public would have lost a lot of fun.

A Patriotic Hobby

IT is passing strange that the youngest pig-breeder in the British Isles should have shown his seniors how to make two hams grow where one grew formerly—and have demonstrated that there is a demand for twice the number of hams, and that home-raised hams will fetch more than will the imported articles for the simple reason that they are better hams. But this is what Mr. S. F. Edge has done, and although his patriotism is something that he does not talk about, he has for many years—particularly the last four—been doing something of the greatest national importance.

Official Photograph

FROM THE NAVY TO THE AIR FORCE

H.R.H. Prince Albert as a Captain in the R.A.F., to which he has been recently transferred

A Duck Farm

TURN from pig-farming to a similar industry—the raising of wild ducks. First we had the pathetic story of the blinded Anzac, pushed bodily out of a freshly-hailed taxicab by a crowd of brutal racing men at the Waterloo terminus of the Brighton Railway. Then we had the Kipling poem—the poem that wasn't. And then we saw a pathetic insistence in the *Mail* on the fact that the gentle Hun must not be excluded from the League of Nations. One short week gave us three of the wildest wild ducks flushed for many a season, all, if you please, from one rushy bed on the banks of the Thames, hard by Blackfriars Bridge!

War Statistics

A VERY capable statistician has computed that if everybody who asks what somebody else is doing in the great war would do one hour's real war work, the war would have been—well, it would have been nicely over about six months before it began.

"The Aery"

THE Royal Air Force has now a Royal Prince in it, Prince Albert having "come over" from the Navy, in which both he and his soldier brother, the Prince of Wales, first served their country. Prince George is also a Naval cadet; so that all three branches of the Service claim a member of the House of Windsor. By the way, in course of time, the Royal Air Force will want a shorter name. Why not "The Aery?" This would go well with "The Navy" and "The Army"—in the toast list, without giving too much opportunity for "aery" persiflage!

Crocodile Tears from Cologne

I HOPE the Archbishop of Cologne and the Pope are satisfied. It might be worth the Germans' while to canonise some new saints for the protection of their Rhine cities. To kill a hundred people in a Paris church on Good Friday—to bomb London on Whit Sunday—these were praiseworthy acts in the eye of the Hun, and (for all we heard to the contrary) in the view of the Archbishop of Cologne; but his own procession must be allowed to proceed in pomp. And while, of course, we should not in any case have dropped bombs on religious processions in Cologne, or any other town, it scarcely seems worth while, for the sake of pleasing the Pope, to advertise that we had no intention of doing so, and thereby to set free all the enemy defence forces for use in the offensive—on the feast of Corpus Christi.

"Par Nobile Fratrum"

OR, HIGH SPIRITS IN HIGH PLACES

LLOYD GEORGE *(watching the German advance)*: "They come on rather far, don't they, Clemenceau?"

M. CLEMENCEAU: "To meet the fate they deserve, à la fin, mon ami"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE.*

LONDON, *June* 3, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

I WON'T go so far as to say, with Mr. George Moore, in his quasi-audacious "Confessions of a Young Man," that I think I might equally have been "a Pharaoh, an ostler, a libertine, an archbishop," and that, "in the fulfilment of the duties of each a certain measure of success would have been mine." But I do think *only* a purely masculine Government *could* have remained through nearly four years of Hun outrage quite so flabby, quite so sloppily patient and long-suffering.

卐 卐

"I HOPE to God they finish the war this year," one poor British prisoner in hellish German hands has written, "or most of us will be mad." And one reason why we cannot do as the French and Italians have and exchange prisoners is (or was, until lately) that it would be poor policy to send back to Germany our petted and pampered and well-fed and rested captives so as to receive in exchange the mental and physical wrecks, the "living skeletons," the Hun has made of our poor, unfortunate men.

卐 卐

COMPUNCTION is rare in women, someone, I think Joseph Conrad, has said. "They are too passionate, too pedantic, too courageous." And certainly, as day after day the Hun piles up his insults and indignities and infamies (though he squeals when we drop a bomb on Cologne), I would not like to answer for the continued comfort and security of the enemy in our midst, if *I*, for instance, were Home Secretary, or anything with power.

"One poor British prisoner"

卐 卐

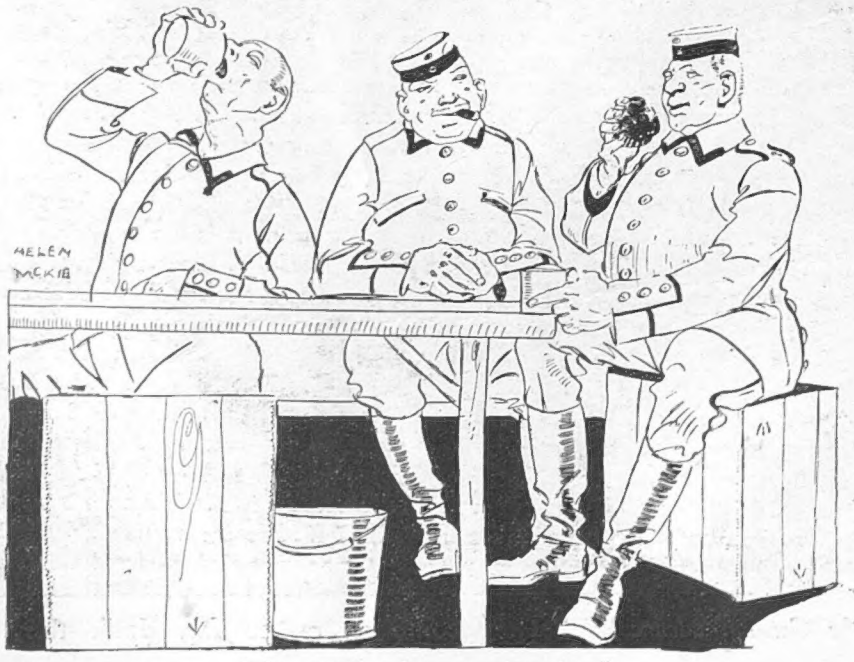
THE women of England are in accord with Mr. Hodge, the Labour Minister — who, thank goodness, is a member of the Government. What he says is that if he lives to the age of Methuselah, his hatred of the Boche will never die, and I'm sure what he'd *like* to go on to say is that as we've got to abolish their naval power, and their military power, and their industrial power, we might just as well make a slap-up job of things and provide something with boiling oil in it to abolish a nation of liars and murderers that always *did* cumber the earth unnecessarily.

卐 卐

WHAT we want in this war is a little less of the careful, callous toleration of the official, and a little more of that emotionalism, which may be a very effeminate quality, apt to do things on impulse, and get a bit above itself, but at least is not impervious to human suffering, or unaware that to human endurance there *is* a limit; and instead of squashing, what we ought to do in this war (as every fighting man from France will tell you) is to cultivate and encourage the offensive spirit. There's not half enough of it.

卐 卐

MEANTIME, here in London now, the enchantment of June is upon us, even though "over there" they are engaged in what is, perhaps, the biggest struggle of all the great struggles in this awful war. In Mayfair, true, there is little indeed to remind you of what June was in those favoured places four Junes back—a great revolving wheel of pleasure, a spot given over only to all those things that were of the amusing side of life.



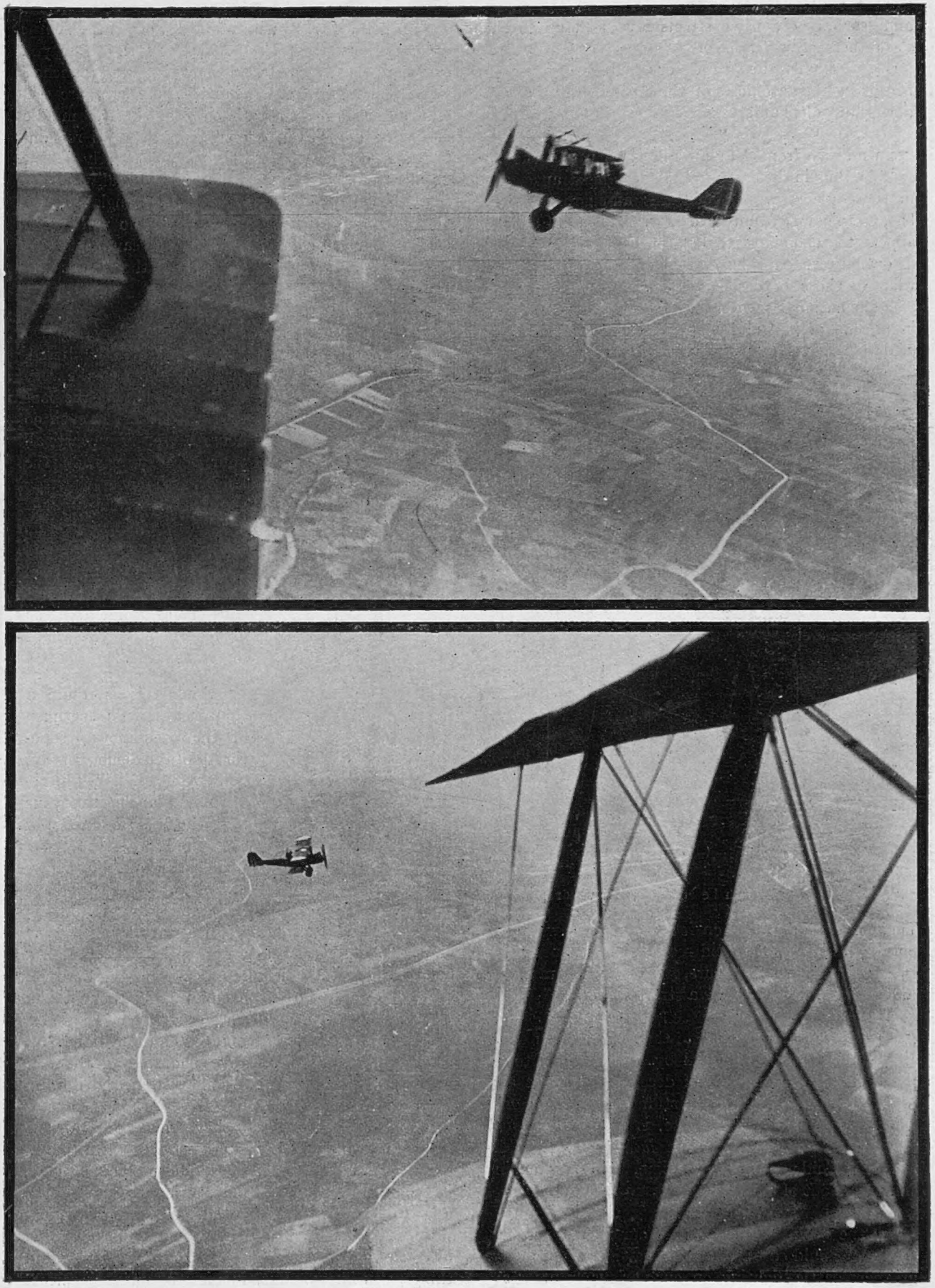
"Our petted and pampered captives"

卐 卐

THE Park is "empty" at those times it used to be "full"; full when it was empty. And about those light and leisured ones who still sit on the green chairs, because for an hour or so, there is nothing else to do, there is no longer quite the same obvious certainty that this best of all possible worlds was made for them, and them only. There is hardly

(*Continued on page 408*)

The "Aery" at Work



Official Photograph

Two interesting photographs of our observation 'planes high over the enemy's lines, noting the movements of his troops. The value of this side of their work to the defence is quite inestimable, especially at the time of a big offensive

a carriage in the Row, except those "airing" the wounded, and even the riders have fallen off in number since the stuff their hacks fed on became what they make war-bread of. And in the smart and fearfully expensive streets that lead up to the Park there grow *forests* of

To be LET or SOLD

boards by the gate-posts of the great houses that are now white elephants.

卐 卐

But away from Mayfair all is as usual, though hauling in the forty-fivers is leaving strange gaps in those places which even this all-engrossing war has, up to now, left untouched. Sir Auckland Geddes's appeal to schoolboys to help on the land in as well as out of term-time has raised once more the cry—what of those hordes of women we see about who, *vide* our national mentor, the *Daily Mail*, "flourish in a time of loss and sorrow, and make gala-days of days that to the rest of us are days of anxiety"?

"Though he squeals when we drop a bomb on Cologne"

There *is* quite an effort on foot to get more women—one comes across the land recruiting sergeants (with small voices, though, I'm sure, great hearts) haranguing indifferent crowds at many a street corner.

卐 卐

But I'm afraid they waste their time. You don't catch *this* kind of bird by mere appeals to its patriotism, or even sense of decency—it hasn't any of either. Compulsion's the stuff to give 'em; only what everyone feels, of course, is that it'll be *such* stuff when got. Still, that's *looking* for trouble, isn't it? And war-time's *the* time, if any, for making silk purses out of even the toughest sow's ears.

卐 卐

By the way, those who think our men prefer that we should care not at all what happens to them at their battle-fighting on our various fronts may, perhaps, be interested to hear what some of them really feel. "It is good to see from your letter," writes one from France, "that someone at least in England realises what the British Army has been going through out here since March 21. Your expression "blind and sick with fatigue" is very apt. But, all the same, we've still got our tails up."

卐 卐

And it is a K.A.R. man who asks, out of the depths of Portuguese East Africa, "Did I hear you say that the East African show is over, Blanche? Have you forgotten that sundry subalterns are still crawling round with 15 men each in the middle of Portuguese Africa, seeking Von Lettow's remaining 2,000 desperate villains? It's a perfectly hellish business, and one can't help sometimes weakly hoping that when, if ever, we *do* get home to England, we'll find, at any rate, *some* 'Blanches' who will realise what a nightmare (with practically no leave) this four years' East African show has been for those of us who aren't Base Barnacles."

卐 卐

From Mespot it is also a very bitter cry, "Do you know, Blanche, what it is to be bored, *ennuyé*, fed up to the very teeth? If so, pity the poor men who never get even 96 hours' leave. You waste all your nice sayings on the fellows in France—they *can* slip across the Channel now and then, while we remain in this everlasting dust and mud. But, by the grace of God and a little luck, things will change some day; so it's cheerioh, if you won't forget us *quite*."

卐 卐

I think this is quite a priceless little specimen of the well-known superiority of the Senior Service, don't you? "With reference, Blanche, to your remark that we are now 'plastered with chevrons,' writes a sextet of officers of H.M.S. ——, "perhaps the Land Navy is, but in the *Navy* we do not consider it necessary for us to wear chevrons, and neither do we propose to do so, unless we are forced to by definite orders from those above. Excuse, please, this outspokenness. We thought you would like a change from hot-air and sloppiness. With love from a few Haters of Ostentation in the G.F.

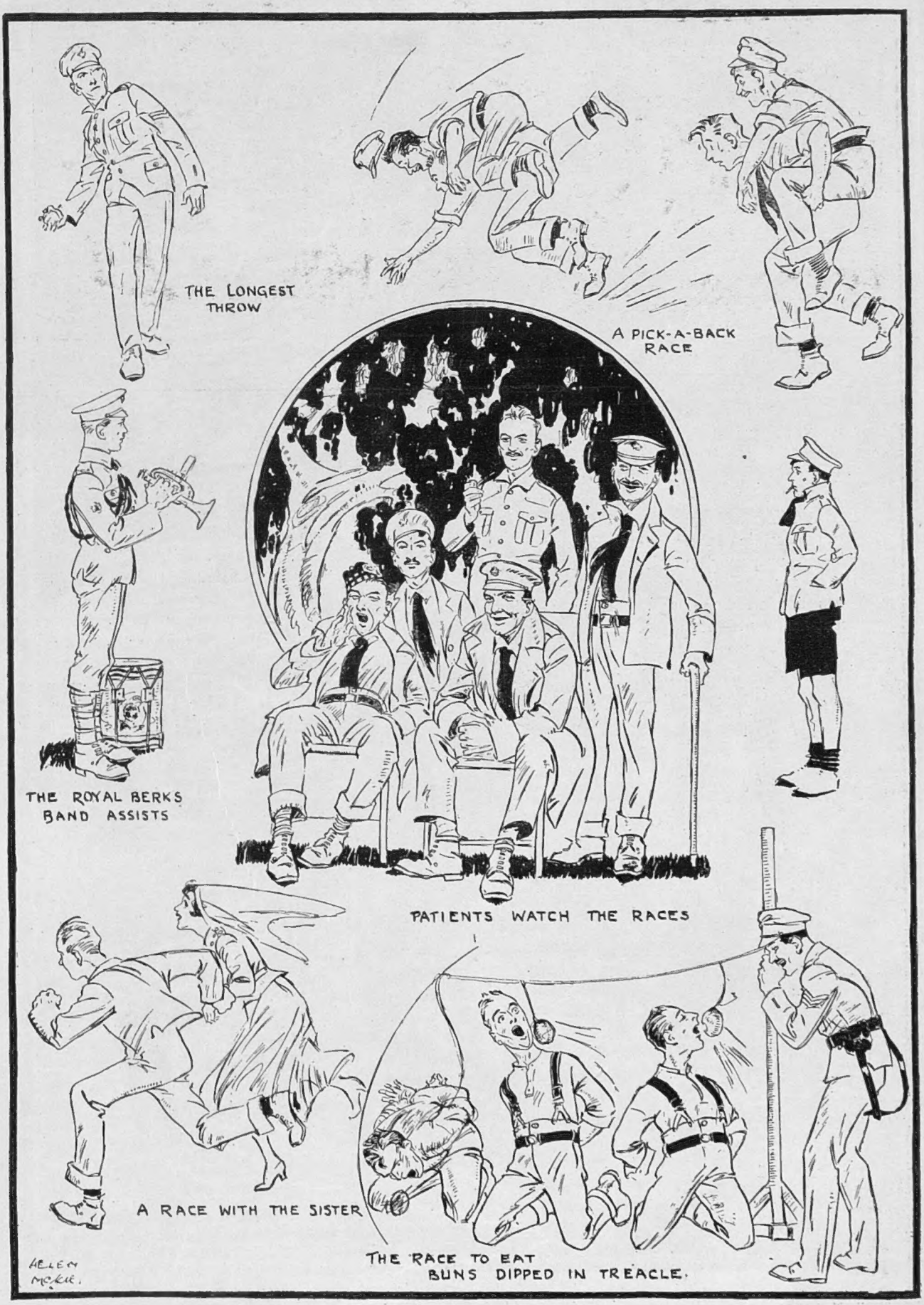
"P.S.—We shall be on leave soon, so be on the look out for chevronless ones, and don't turn them all down."

卐 卐

Did you *ever*? *Aren't* they proud little things? But, talking of the Senior Service, I hear there's a notice on the board forbidding officers to sit in the seat next to the Waacs or Wrens, or whatever they are, who drive the naval cars. I suppose it's their fearful fascination, what? Puts the poor girls off their work, and makes them run over babies and things, you know. But, in view of possible correspondence on the subject, may I say here and now, that I'm innocent as the babe unborn as to whether this refers to the *Navy* or the "Land Navy"?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

Canadian "Convalescent" Competitions



Miss McKie has drawn for us this page of sketches depicting the humours of a day's athletic sports amongst the Canadian soldiers at their Convalescent Hospital at Bearwood, Wokingham. But buns!—and treacle!—who wouldn't be a convalescent?

Official Photograph

SOME SHELL CASES: THE HUN KNOWS WELL WHAT WAS INSIDE THEM

ON TOUR. By 'JACK JOHNSON"

My dear Bystander—

It is hard in these days to trace any good to a German source, yet I feel it is only fair to the Huns to record that, so far as I am concerned, they have done me an appreciable kindness through the medium of certain of their prisoners of war, whose sinister behaviour proved sufficient excuse to allow of a visit to the smiling countryside, with its hill-side forests and winding lanes, where a merciful Government has seen fit to seclude them.

⁂ ⁂

A ruined ivy-clad abbey in the heart of a delightful country is always a pleasant thing for the eye to dwell upon, but in these depressing times such a vision is little less than a soul tonic, a stimulant to the brain and nerve centres surfeited on Army forms and endless correspondence on subjects of no earthly importance, always provided, of course, that it is the right sort of ruin, dating back any time before August, 1914.

⁂ ⁂

And it was with something of that Spartan resolve, born of misguided enthusiasm, which, in the old globe-trotting days, would impel footsore sightseers to ascend 595 steps in a church tower just to see if the view from the top really was worth seeing, and then find it wasn't, that we mended a burst tyre and, after twice doubling back on our tracks, accepted at last the husky advice of a friendly tramp, intently engaged in mending a hole in his trousers, and arrived triumphantly outside the *concierge's* quaint little lodge and (as instructed) clanged a heavy iron bell.

⁂ ⁂

The door opened, and a withered and toothless old lady, well in keeping with our hoary surroundings, emerged, bearing an enormous key in her hand, and intimated by a series of nods that we were to follow her and fear nothing. (Small gratuity.)

⁂ ⁂

I suppose really the crumbling remains of one old monastery are very much like those of any other, but it is good to ramble about the silent ruins and lazily watch the cawing jackdaws circle round their nests in the lofty turrets with a blue sky overhead, and large cool elms and graceful yew-trees as companions.

⁂ ⁂

One tried to picture to oneself St. Philbert, the converted monk, who founded the monastery way back in the seventh century, it is said to expiate a sin which weighed heavily upon him, and incidentally to contradict, once and for all, the suggestion that his name would imply: though subsequently examining in the museum adjoining the abbey an old engraving purporting to portray the founder, I had no difficulty whatever in believing him to have been one of the leading nuts of his time.

⁂ ⁂

The old lady now conducted us down the nave, the vaulted roof of which has fallen in, leaving three imposing towers over 160 feet in height, past the chapter house, containing the tombs of abbots and priors, along the subterranean passage to point out the gloomy black well, down which St. Philbert, a martyr to gout, was in the habit of pushing the people who annoyed him, and so to what was once the chamber of Charles VII. and his favourite, Agnes Sorrel.

⁂ ⁂

At this juncture the old lady began to show signs of extreme agitation, and working her mouth up and down, made funny rumbling noises which seemed to contain some hidden meaning. A momentary suspicion that the old woman was herself Agnes Sorrel, and was striving to tell us so, vanished after rapid reflection on the date of Charles's decease.

⁂ ⁂

We made it out in time. It seemed she didn't like us wandering in the ruins because now and again a stone had been known to fall from the walls; and she remembered one in February, 1899, that fell on an American gentleman from Wonkville, Wis., and lowered his *moral* quite a lot.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

Old Bill as the Instructor of Youth

PASSED BY CENSOR

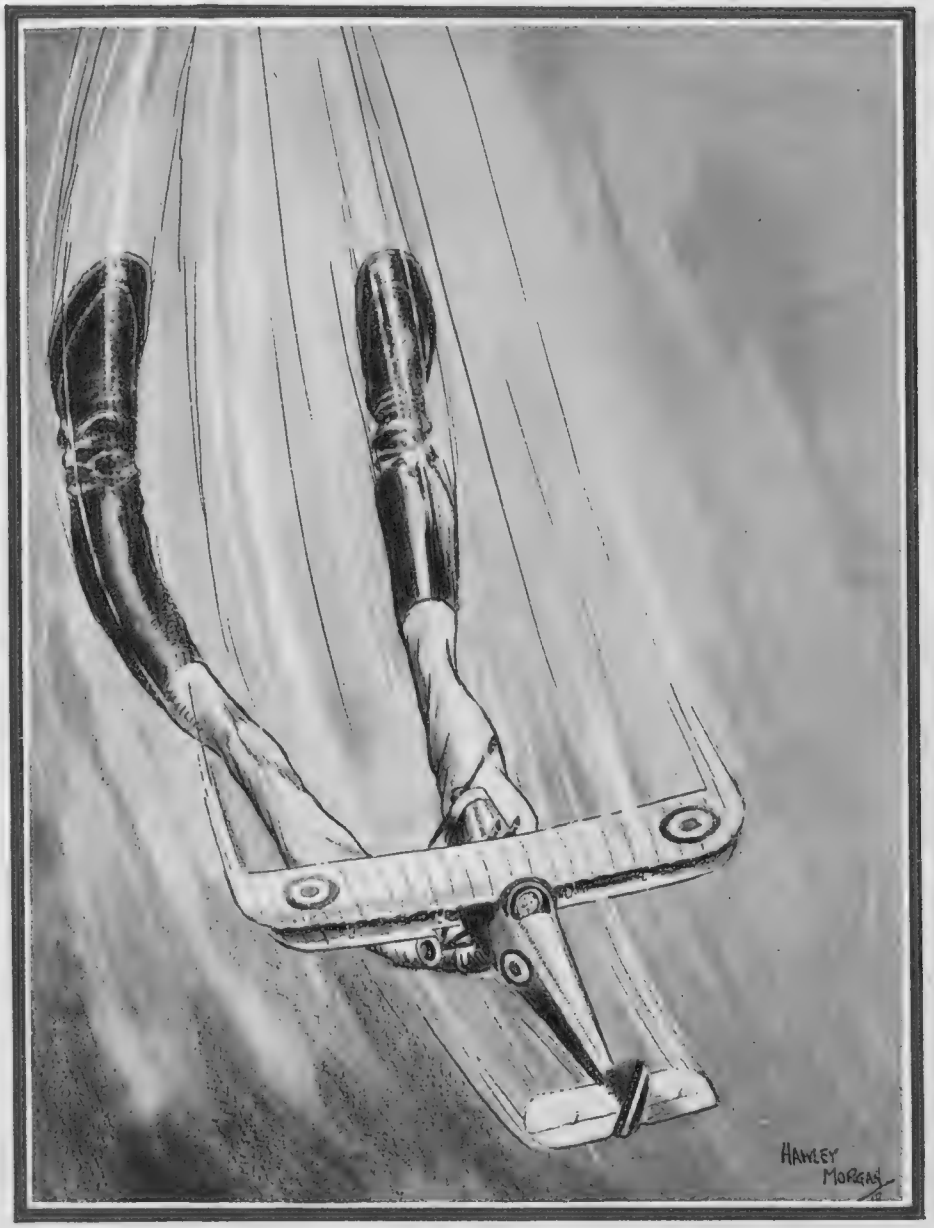
"Don't you git pullin' yer cigarette-card stuff off on me! What the 'ell do you know about 'istory? F'r instance, I bet you don't know that Romeo and Juliet was brought up by a she-wolf!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

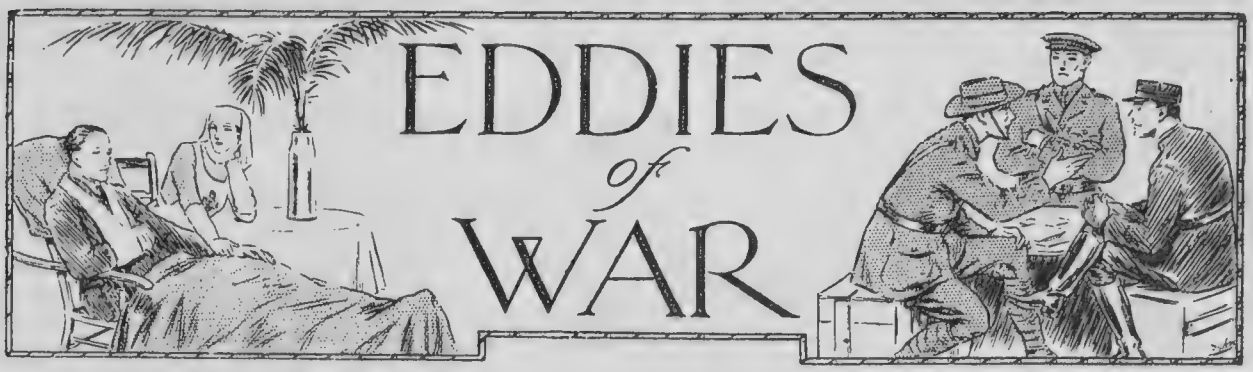
An Airman's Stunts: What It Feels Like—

PASSED BY CENSOR

I.—TO NOSE-DIVE



II.—TO TAIL-SLIDE



REFLECTIONS. BY DELL LEIGH

THERE had been a retirement. The German Press screamed about a "retreat." It was nothing of the kind. A withdrawal, merely, for more elbow room, before the advancing grey-green clumps of men, who emerged through the mists of successive barrages "like the crowd coming out of the Chelsea football ground," as one man put it. Lancelot Anstruther-Marriott, R.E., Corporal, known to his company as Bung, removed his tin hat to wipe his sweating head, thereby receiving a pebble, as he thought, kicked up by a passing lorry, which hit him on the scalp above the left ear and bounced off.

❋ ❋

IT was a particle of shrapnel, and it had *not* bounced off; and thereafter Bung felt, and was, outrageously sick, in the hedge. The wave of nausea having passed, he essayed to catch up with his working party, but his legs began to play him odd tricks, the left wanting to go in exactly the opposite direction to the right—and again the sickness. He crawled well under the hedge, in the shade, and lay on his back, puzzled. A man passing with shovels surveyed him.

"Touch o' sun," grumbled Bung. "All right in a minute."

The other grunted and went

❋ ❋

LYING here, he could only see the lower half of the restless traffic of the road, owing to the overhanging hedge, green with young life. The interminable passage of legs, caked in mud and dust, the semi-circle of wheels, the bottoms of buckets carried from pairs of shoulders on ropes, the underneaths of transport wagons, from which queer shapes hung swinging. Then great blots of twinkling legs kicking up the grey dust like smoke from the broken road. His head ached. It felt like the big clock in his rooms at Brasenose that he had bought at a sale. This clock, pendulum hung, used to emit queer gurglings and poundings, as a protest, just before it ran down and stopped. Slade, from across the corridor, used to make bets as to the number of times it would do it before gurgling into inaction—he usually won.

❋ ❋

AT the thought of Brasenose, old Oxford memories began to slide one by one across the retina of his mind. The hard, vivid light on the road, seen from the obscurity of the hedge, reminded him, in a queer way, of the evening light on Magdalen Tower, seen from Christchurch meadows—he couldn't tell why. The intermittent thumping in his head recalled Tom, making up its mind to strike the minute chime. He thought of the historic bet—that no man could run

THE KAISER: "How about that bit of land? I paid the price you named—a million men."

THE AGENT: "Oh! that was only on account. There is another instalment due."

"EDDIES OF WAR" (*concluded*)

round the "House" quad while Tom struck midday or midnight; of the many men who had tried, and been beaten by the steps. They said that the 'Varsity cricket pitch in the parks was lumpy now and awful; that the Char was forsaken and puntless. He wondered vaguely what manner of man occupied his rooms at B.N.C.—priceless rooms they were; the best in the College. They said the whole place was crawling with Flying Corps Cadets, who were called to their duties by whistle. He hoped they didn't cut across the quad grass, and that they respected morning customs. . . . He thought of the deadly rush for chapel in the mornings, the struggling into gowns; and the College Chapel, solemn and dignified, inviolate by war, carrying on in steady, untouched majesty, distilling, as ever, that influence of decency and good will towards men which permeated even the moss-grown walls of the college. . . . The colours of the twinkling legs on the road altered here, as a batch of German prisoners slouched by. . . .

* *

THE thunder in his head had stopped, and his mind slipped back again to that awful rugger match on the Balliol ground with New, when Harkness *would* not get the ball away to the three-quarters, and their forwards were always on the ball, and B.N.C. were never up. He remembered his old scout George, who loved neither man nor beast, and saw cynicism in everything, even when B.N.C. "bumped" thrice in as many evenings. There were unlovely things in Oxford too; the hideous Rhodes building looked down upon him again with its conceited statues, over-riding the monarch; a building which for sheer awfulness was only beaten by the flaming monstrosity of the Ruskin Science Museum.

* *

OXFORD voices seemed to speak again above the thunder on his forehead; he heard the quiet, rather tender, voice of Wade taking service in chapel, and asking God to protect "our well-loved Society."

* *

THEN harsh cockney voices broke in: "'Ere, what's this 'ere, maite?" "Is 'e a dead 'un?" "I dunno, pull 'im out an' 'ave a look—'strewth. these flies are fair *chronic!*"

They pulled him out by the boots.

Lancelot Anstruther-Marriott mumbled something about the report of his death being grossly exaggerated, to two uncomprehending Tommies. Then he fainted. His saviours made violent gesticulations to a lorry that had thundered by, and they placed him on it. One of them wiped, with a filthy handkerchief, a little runnel of blood which was travelling slowly from Bung's head, across his cheek, and down the inside of his tunic.

"Blimey!" said the other, "crawled into the 'edge to die; no bad judge, either, wot wi' these 'ere lorries about—eh?"

QUEUE BOATS

Side Shows

French Official

A huge gun being taken up to worry the Huns' advance

Official Photograph

A little party of "Jocks" in action in a shell-shattered village

Making it uncomfortable for the enemy to attempt to cross a canal over a fallen tree by fixing a barbed-wire entanglement on it

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

Photograph *Stage Photograph Co.*

—BUT NOT AT ALL A STILTED PERFORMANCE

Miss Dapnne Pollard and her chorus in "Box o' Tricks" at the London Hippodrome

"VERY GOOD EDDIE" AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

By "JINGLE"

THE story opens on board the steamer "Poughkeepsie," going up the Hudson river, and the first advantage you get is to learn the correct pronunciation of Poughkeepsie, which is something to go on with, anyway. Eddie Kettle has been married that morning to Georgina. He is rather a diminutive man, as will be recognised at once when it is mentioned that he is represented by Mr. Nelson Keys. Georgina, on the other hand, is a large, muscular woman, and you get the idea at once that he married her because he couldn't help himself. Georgina is the kind of lady who if she once made up her mind to marry a man would do it, and he would save time by adopting the "kamerad" stunt at once. Georgina brings Eddie on the boat and deposits him with her other luggage on the lower deck. They do not act like a newly married couple, and from the look on Eddie's face you gather that he rather wishes that they weren't.

MR. PERCY DARLING has also been married that morning to Elsie. She is what is called *petite*, which is the French for little. He, on the other hand, is a big, burly chap, who is clearly determined not to stand any nonsense from his wife or anybody else. Still, he seems to be of an affectionate disposition, judging by the way he hugs his bride every time they have the deck for a moment or two to themselves.

Now, it so happens that Percy and Eddie are old friends, and it is quite by a happy coincidence that they should have been married on the same day and be travelling by the same boat to their honeymoon camps in the Catskills. It is about this time that the trouble begins.

AT the last moment Percy remembers something he wants to fetch from the shore. By another happy coincidence Eddie also has forgotten something which he must

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS MADGE SAUNDERS

Who plays the telling part of Elsie Gray in "Very Good Eddie"

get before the boat starts; but when he proposes to go, Georgina, asserting her authority even at this early stage of married life, pushes him back into his place among the luggage and tells him he can stop and talk to Elsie while she goes ashore with Percy. As far as I could see, Eddie had nothing to complain of, and probably he thought the same. As it turns out, the two have no sooner stepped ashore than Elsie exclaims in a voice of horror that the gangways have been drawn in and that the boat is moving. And it is so.

THERE is the situation accordingly. Eddie is left on the boat with Elsie, and, as is usual in such cases, the boat will not stop again for about an hour and a half; and the captain callously refuses to turn back to the landing stage to oblige a couple of the passengers. Eddie is particularly droll in his helplessness. He calls for Georgina desperately; but even if she heard him she could not reach him, unless she happened to be able to swim very quickly or to fly very fast. Just as Eddie is on the verge of collapse in his despair who should cross the deck but his old friend George, a Frenchman. Eddie runs up to him and asks him what he would do if he found himself on a honeymoon with another man's wife. Would he, for instance, telegraph to her husband? George smiles the smile of the knowing one and doubts whether he would take that extreme course. I doubt it, too. He tells Eddie to go and entertain the lady as well as he can, and, in short, to take the good the gods provide him.

SO Eddie comes back to the other man's bride in his timorous, mouse-like way, and tries to keep up a disjointed conversation until he has the happy idea to try a drink for the good of his system. Having taken one, he tries another, and then he admits to Elsie that he is feeling quite a different chap altogether. In fact he will take her down to the saloon and give her some lunch. The only obstacle in the way of this attractive programme is the fact that Georgina took all his money away from him directly the marriage ceremony was over, from which it is clear that she intended to be a model wife to him. Elsie has no money either; but as they are both hungry, Eddie, fortified by the two drinks, decides to go down to the dining saloon and bluff the two meals out of the purser. This clever scheme, unfortunately, breaks down at the start, and the unhappy couple are unceremoniously thrown out of the saloon and returned to the deck with a solemn warning not to try it on again.

Photograph MISS BETTY BLAKE [*Malcolm Arbuthnot*

Whose acrobatic waltz in "The Boy," at the Adelphi, is one of the most popular features in a very popular play

EDDIE then finds another friend on the boat—a real friend. I suppose you would call a man a real friend if, when you ask him for a trifling loan, he pulls a handful of money out of his pocket and invites you to help yourself. I have been looking for a friend like that for years. In this way Eddie and Elsie are not only able to lunch, but on landing at the first opportunity, they are able to take shelter in a fine and large hotel, pending the arrival of Percy and Georgina. The hotel clerk is very amusingly represented by Mr. Ralph Lynn, who has a friendly joke for all his customers, and who is naturally in fine form in dealing with what he takes for a newly-married couple, with the confetti still adhering to their clothes. He will not hear of Eddie's proposal to engage two rooms, but makes him sign the register for himself "and wife." And after that the complication proceeds upon normal lines. Mr. Nelson Keys is the life and soul of the entertainment, and whether he is singing or dancing, or just looking miserable, he is very droll; and his final metamorphosis from a henpecked husband into a domineering one is quite in the best vein of humour. The story is freely sprinkled throughout with songs and dances, but the entertainment does not seem to have the sharply defined quality of attractiveness which the times demand. JINGLE

WILHELM THE WILY: "Just hold my horse for a few min

utes, my friend, and I'll—well, I'll *show* you a shilling!"

Our Intellectuals

SOMETHING VERY "SPECIAL"

"What have you got in that parcel?"

BEATING THE BUDGET

"Take my advice, my dear, and buy penny postage stamps *while you can.* I've 'eard they're putting up the price to three a'pence!"

The Bystander in Paris

LES JOURS MAIGRES

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"The jolly face of the boucher"

MES AMIS,

IT is first the city of beautiful dresses, our Paris, of hats of great elegance and of the mode; but second — for some it may be that this is of the first importance—it is the city of the good cooking. Since so many centuries we French people have studied the *cuisine*. Our kings were often not very wise and not very good, but there was never one who did not appreciate to have a good *chef*.

⁂

AND now it is the time of test of the cooks. To make every day for three days a *déjeuner* and a dinner of entirely eggs and vegetables and the little fish that one may buy dear in the market, it is not easy that. It is no longer that the eggs and the fish are served before the meat, where they have a good place, but it is instead of the meat that they are become promoted.

⁂

WEDNESDAY, Thursday, Friday—all the three are now the thin Friday, and it is sadly that we think how many *haricots verts* it will be necessary to eat all the summer to sustain the life.

⁂

ALL these three days I have thought how I did not like to be a vegetarian, and yet before *ces jours maigres* it was not much that I occupied myself with the *menu* except to wish to entertain our guests. I was contented to eat my bread ration and *café au lait* for the *petit déjeuner*, but now every morning so much I want an English breakfast of eggs and bacon. It is one thing you make very good in England, eggs and bacon, like you roast the beef and the mutton best in the world.

⁂

FOR you, I think sometimes it must be even less agreeable when there is no meat than for us. Each country has to itself its style to cook. You with the roast beef and Italy with the polenta, are most successful, and even the Boche was not without the excellence of his sausage and his apfel kuchen.

⁂

BUT in France we have a different ideal of the art to cook, and now I think it will be very useful. We have not a national dish—unless it is the *bouillon*—and we have not studied to make one thing *par excellence*. It is our ideal rather to make everything to taste its best to every palate.

⁂

TO our cooks it is the great tragedy of England that you know only one way—to boil—the potato. There was once a cook of my uncle who told to me when I was to travel in England: "Yes, *mademoiselle*, I find the English very well, but it is *malheureux* for them that they have not the imagination. To eat the *pommes de terre Anglaises* every day—it is to destroy the

"When Friday arrives"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"He made me the answer"

soul: and yet, *mademoiselle*, they have assured me that a dinner is not a dinner without the potato boiled." Even the wife of the *petit bourgeois* of Paris must know if she is to cook for her husband how to make the potato in ten ways.

⁂

ALWAYS we study to cook differently each day, and it is not the habit with us to have the roast beef on Sunday and the cold and the stew for so many more days. Even in the little restaurants of the *ouvriers* the clients demand a more variety than that; and all Paris was approving—because everyone knew it was very important—when the President gave the decoration of the Legion of Honour to the *restaurateur* who invented a new way to cook the sole.

⁂

NOW one understands how important it is that we should have one more way to cook the sole; and for the *jours maigres* Lucile is very proud to have discovered eleven ways to cook the egg of the hen. For me I would not discourage, but even when cooked so many ways, eggs are all the same, eggs, and when the Fridays arrive, and one has eaten of eggs at every meal for three days, one wishes never more to see eggs.

I HAVE noticed how on the Fridays everyone is most pessimist, and wears a long face. If one visits, the talk is all the time how the war makes itself more and more an anxiety, and the Army of Ludendorff is still very strong. And in the cafés the messieurs are very sad to look at till they have had the *apéritif* and then M. Marcel says it is very strange. All at once they begin to talk excited and to make an argument about nothing. "But why?" I asked, and he made me the answer: "You see, Mademoiselle Agnès, the cocktail does not agree very well with the lunch and the dinner of herbs during these days."

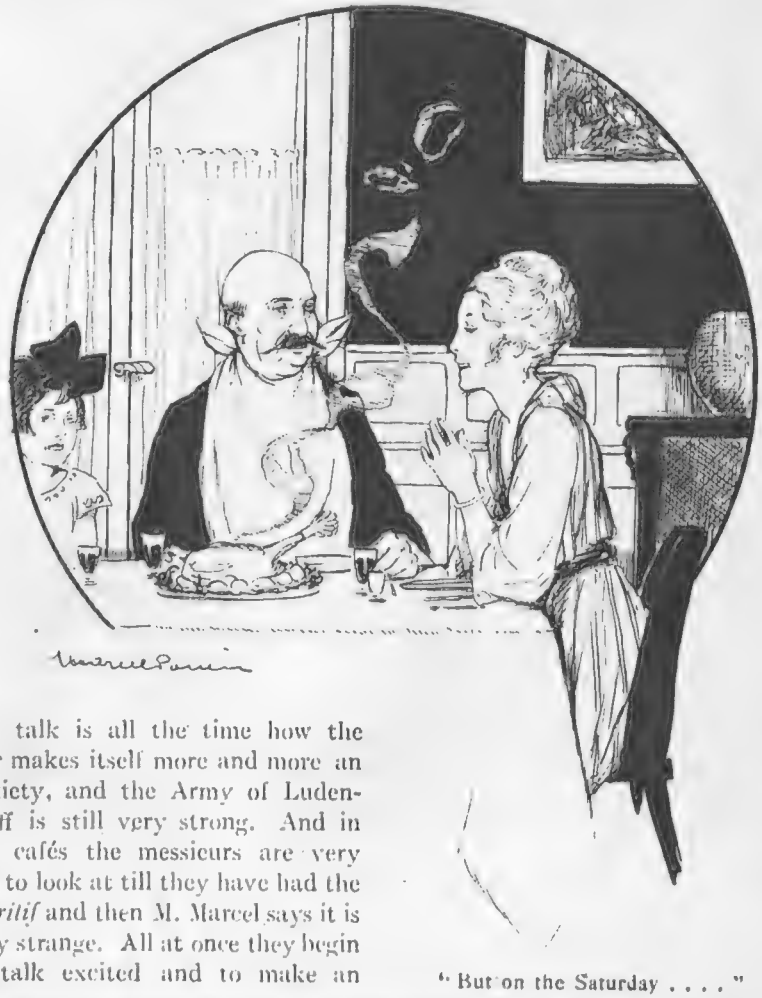
⁂

BUT on the Saturday and Sunday how everyone is again optimist. After the *déjeuner* of Saturday there is not now any more work to be done. Everyone comes so punctual to table and is so jolly and quick to laugh. It is quite an excitement to smell the roasting as one passes the restaurants in the streets and to wonder if it is the pork or the veal. Even one likes to see the red meat in the shops and the jolly faces of the *bouchers* as they sharpen their knives. That gives to the day a liveliness there is not when one eats only the so pale asparagus and cold white fish.

⁂

PERHAPS it is not very polite or of a great patriotism to speak so of how much one misses to live well, but see how we are all animals. It is when one so realises that one begins to enjoy the life.

Your friend, AGNÈS



"But on the Saturday . . . ."

The Ace of Aces

– JUST AFTER ADDING SIX MORE TO HIS COLLECTION

French Official Photograph

SECOND-LIEUTENANT FONCK

Has succeeded to the premier position amongst French airmen. He has "officially" downed forty-five German 'planes, but his real record is considerably more than that. Our photograph was taken on his return from crashing six enemy 'planes on one day—a feat which has only once been equalled

The Great Awakening

By F. N. HILLIER

COMPANY Headquarters was in the act of enjoying the midnight rum ration when the racket started. It was not a great racket: a scurry of rifle shots, an eruption of Very lights, and a bomb or two, but it seemed magnified by its suddenness and the darkness of the night, and when there is a battle in progress just a few miles away, and the probability is that the Hun will break out in a fresh place at any moment, people are apt to be unduly excited over even small rackets. Anyway, Company Headquarters was. Its members instantaneously and as one man executed that sweeping movement of the arm which collects shrapnel helmet, pistol, club, torch, and possibly a few other things besides, all in one motion, and tumbled forth into the outer darkness. Young Kennedy, the gunner observing officer, rolled out of his wire-netting bunk, pulled aside the blanket curtain of his dug-out, and stepped forth into the trench. At the same moment a similar curtain on the opposite side of the trench was drawn aside and the head of one Bombardier Knowle appeared, the strap of a telephone round his neck.

"Want me, sir?" he inquired.

"I think it's all right," replied Kennedy, "I only came out because I heard a yell."

"It's quiet enough now," said the signaller, after they had listened for a few minutes in that deeper silence which always follows a disturbance at night. Nothing could be heard save the sound of distant feet on the duck-boards.

"I think I'll stroll up and see what it was," said Kennedy; "I shan't want you though."

"Right you are, sir," the bombardier made answer, and withdrew into his hole like a snail into its shell. His officer moved off up the short length of trench which led to the front line.

He had not gone many yards before he received a shock. He heard footsteps approaching through the darkness.

A flare ascended and showed him, a few feet away, an enormous Hun! He realised with a kind of panic that he was without a single weapon. The Hun was twice his size—and those figures behind, they must be Huns too! His brain evolved a dozen thoughts in a fraction of a second. Should he shout, fight, fly? What was that grip he had seen in the pamphlet on "Unarmed Attack and Defence"? How many Huns were there?

His dilemma was ended by the sound of a voice from behind the Hun.

"Hullo, Kennedy!" it said. "We've got a prisoner. Nice chap, isn't he?"

It was the Company Commander. Kennedy relaxed and breathed again.

"Gad, Major, but you gave me a shock!" he answered. "When I saw your friend I thought you were all Huns."

"There is only this one," replied the Major with a chuckle. "And he isn't dangerous. Seems to be a deserter. I'm taking him along to my place. Shove him along, sergeant-major."

In a few minutes they were all collected in the Company Commander's roomy dug-out, Kennedy, the Major himself, a couple of infantry subalterns, and the sergeant-major.

"Now let's have a look at him," said the Major. "He seems a bit excited, doesn't he?"

The prisoner had begun to talk rapidly in German. He seemed anxious to impart something, and kept pointing in the direction of the Boche lines.

"I wonder why he does that," said Kennedy. "Do you know any German, sir?"

"Not a blessed word," answered the Major. "We oughtn't to question him, anyway That's a job for the Intelligence. He does seem to want to tell us something though."

"I know a bit of German, sir," said Todd, one of the infantry subalterns, a youngster of 19. "Shall I try him?"

"Public school German, what?" replied the Major. "Never mind, perhaps he'll understand you."

The boy looked self-conscious, and spoke a few halting sentences. The German answered eagerly, pouring out a flood of words. The Major smiled.

"I'll bet you can't understand all that, young feller," he said.

"I can though, sir," answered Todd, looking important. "He says the Germans are coming over just before dawn. How's that?"

Sensation in the dug-out! But the Major looked rather doubtful.

"Are you sure you've got it right?" he asked.

Todd tackled the prisoner again, and repeated his statement.

"That's what he says, all right," he affirmed.

"You notice how he keeps pointing to his own lines, too," added Kennedy.

"He certainly does do that," agreed the Major. "Well, I'll tell the Adjutant, anyway."

A few minutes later the Adjutant was awakened by an orderly.

PASSED BY CENSOR
ON THE PALESTINE FRONT
Five representatives of the Empire: an Englishman, an Australian, a New Zealander, an Indian, and an Arab

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 426)

"Salvage" (?)

PASSED BY CENSOR

EVEN RETIREMENTS HAVE THEIR COMPENSATIONS!

"THE GREAT AWAKENING" (*concluded*)

"Major Carton wants to speak to you, sir."

"All right," he answered, picking up the telephone at the side of his bunk. "Hullo, Major, what's up?"

"Oh, is that you, Jackson?" came the Major's voice. "Well, look here, we've got a prisoner up here, a deserter. He seemed devilish anxious to say something, so I let young Todd, who says he can speak German, ask him some questions. Todd swears the fellow says the Boches are coming over just before dawn."

"Oh, does he?" answered the Adjutant. "How nice! I suppose you're quite sure about it?"

"Todd is," came the reply. "I give you the story for what you think it's worth; I don't vouch for it, mind you."

"All right, sir, I'll suggest to the Colonel that we tell the Brigade, and they can do what they like about it."

The Brigade took the matter seriously, at all events; they weren't taking any chances. A message sped its way to the Division, and thence to the corps. Signals got it, gunner colonels and battalion commanders were awakened by their adjutants, and scanned pink message forms with sleepy eyes. Battery commanders and many other kinds of commanders, awakened a little later, drew on icy boots with numbed and frozen fingers and turned out into the coldest dawn for weeks. Awakened supports girded on their equipment, in dozens of gun-pits shivering gunners groped about among guns and ammunition by the flickering light of siege lamps. Everything was ready.

Nearer came the magic hour of dawn, the air grew colder, and a faint light appeared in the eastern sky, tinging the morning mist which hung over the German trenches. Lines of steel-helmeted men peering over parapets saw that mist, and thought uncomfortably of gas. A faint buzz became audible in the stillness; nearer it came, and grew to a loud humming as a German aeroplane sailed right across the British lines, invisible in the almost complete darkness, though it could not have been much more than a thousand feet up. Its arrival sent a thrill through many hundred hearts, which was repeated when it dropped a red flare a mile behind our lines. Kennedy saw that flare.

"That's done it," he said to himself; "this is where the show begins," and held his breath.

It was a tense moment. Every second might bring the first shell of the tornado; his ears and nerves seemed to stretch out to meet it.

But nothing happened. Half an hour, an hour went by; the morning calm remained unbroken. The half-light waxed into broad day, the mists dispersed showing the enemy lines just as usual. Round went the order. "Stand down." It was no use waiting any longer.

"Well, that's that," said a certain Major, R.F.A., in the O.P. on the hill, as he put away his glasses. "Wonder what all the fuss was about. Corporal Smith, tell the battery I'm coming down to breakfast, and then pack up."

Many another hungry, cold soldier that frozen morning wondered what the fuss was about, and felt he wanted someone's blood

About ten o'clock the Adjutant was called up by the Brigade. He listened at his receiver with a grin on his face, though his voice was strictly "regulation." He grinned still more when he put the receiver down.

"Poor old Brigade!" he chuckled, "They must have got it in the neck from the Division!"

Then he picked up the telephone again and pressed the buzzer key.

"Get Major Carton, please," said he. "Hullo, Major! Enjoy the battle? No? So sorry! I say, I've just been speaking to the Brigade-major. He says an Intelligence cove came in early this morning and examined your prisoner."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said that his pals were coming over just before dawn."

"That's what Todd said."

"Yes, I know that's what Todd said, but he didn't get it all. They were coming over if you sent that fellow back to say their lives would be spared—they've been told we shoot prisoners, you know—but they weren't coming over to attack, they wanted to desert! *Good*-bye!"

A second later the Major's head was thrust sizzling out of the dug-out.

"Sergeant-major," he roared, "send for Mr. Todd!"

F. N. Hillier

PASSED BY CENSOR

THIS NEW-FANGLED WARFARE

HOSTESS: "And how did you get wounded?"

TOMMY: "Well, 'twas this way. In our last advance I was leaning against the barrage, and when it lifted—I fell"

The Canuck in Luck's Way

AT A "REAL OLD-TIME CANADIAN CIRCUS" IN FRANCE

NURSES AND OFFICERS IN THE GRAND STAND

THE PROGRESS OF THE "WILD MAN OF THE WOODS"

Canadian Official Photograph

On an earlier page we showed the convalescent Canadian enjoying himself. Here we see the unconvalescent Canadians also having a day's fun behind the lines. Note the wagon-load of "Canadian Beauties" in the circle; and the lavish use of army mules to draw the circus van containing the band

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

WHAT JAPAN COULD DO IN SIBERIA

Japan and Siberia

JUST how essential British propaganda is to-day in the Far East is well shown by Mr. Frederic Coleman in his new and timely book, *Japan Moves North* (Cassell: 5*s.* net). After the author's adventurous days with our cavalry in France he moved to Japan and Vladivostok, that town where such incredible amounts of stores have accumulated. Should Japan go to Siberia? Mr. Coleman thinks that she should, and, while giving his reasons, lifts the veil considerably from the course of recent events in Siberia. We have been flooded with books on the Russian Revolution, but few, if any, of them have given intimate knowledge of what has happened in Asiatic Russia. Mr. Coleman does not practise camouflage. He states the Japanese outlook as it appeared to him; and he shows just where the Allies might do most to smash up the ubiquitous Hunnish propaganda. It is a most interesting and useful first-hand account of affairs in a corner of the world about which this country has not, until recently, troubled itself overmuch.

Photograph *Histed*

MR. FREDERIC COLEMAN

Author of "Japan moves North," reviewed on this page

Polite Indiscretions

Further Indiscretions (Jenkins: 15*s.* net.), by the lady who so modestly hides her identity under the *nom de plume* of "A Woman of No Importance," makes most agreeable reading; even if indiscretions be not the correct word. The old order changeth—in these days with a vengeance—and the quaint stories and quips which the lady has to tell of people, famous or notorious, who flourished during the last thirty years, when Society meant something more than money, are sufficiently various to satisfy everybody. The most contradictory people flit cheerily through her pages, and if these be indiscretions at all the telling of them shows no ill-nature. A jolly book, which will chain you lazily to your chair until it is finished.

A French View on Russia

M. CHARLES RIVET, Petrograd Correspondent of *Le Temps*, in Mr. Hardress O'Grady's translation of his book, *The Last of the Romanoffs* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), deals mainly with one aspect of Russia before the revolution. M. Rivet is concerned with the iniquities of the Court Party. His picture of Nicholas is a bitter one. His portrait of the ex-Tsaritsa, in no way exaggerated be it said, leaves you impotently angry. He endeavoured often enough to tell the truth about Russia to France, but the Alliance made matters difficult—so much so that on one or two occasions after the outbreak of war he found it impossible to get his articles printed in France, and was forced to accept the hospitality of Italian newspaper columns. His chapters on the foreign policy of the old Régime are particularly interesting, but you cannot help regretting the fact that his book appeared before the overthrow of the constitutional Government. The Lenin-Trotsky combination had still to be when his book was published. Apart from this point, however, it was well worth undertaking the translation of M. Rivet's book.

"The Blue Germ"

IN *The Blue Germ* (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.* net) Mr. Martin Swayne, author of that amusing book, *Lord Richard in the Pantry*, makes what is for him a new departure. He follows the early Wellsian-Beresford tradition, and introduces a new bacillus to the world. This bacillus by its ability to destroy every other bacillus ever invented or discovered, will make man immortal. It has been discovered by two learned doctors, and with the laudable intention of adding to the sum of human happiness, the two learned doctors proceed to impregnate the water supply of Birmingham, and in a little while have the satisfaction of seeing all England inoculated. They watch for results, and the results are surprisingly unexpected. England immortal is not at all the sort of country that ordinary humans would like to inhabit. They might even prefer the home of the Hun. In the first place you become *blue*. In the second you lose all ambition and desire. A biscuit or two is all the food you require! In the third you go to sleep—presumably for ever. What a life! But Mr. Swaine's book is exceedingly interesting, and it is only the last chapter that is rather disappointing. You wanted something else to happen. But when all the world's asleep instead of fighting what can you expect? A good book to put on the library list.

R. S.

THE NAVAL OFFICER AND THE "LITTLE GREY BOOKS."

JUST prior to the war, a brilliant young naval officer had a bad breakdown—a breakdown so complete that it looked as though his career were at an end.

He was ordered an entire and protracted rest—not only from professional duty, but from every form of work. But war broke out, and his services—he was a clever expert—were urgently needed. He rejoined.

Despite his anxiety to serve, however, he found that he was utterly incapable of performing his duties. He was keen to give that service which he knew was in him, but neither his professional pride nor his eager patriotism enabled him to overcome his handicap.

He wrote to the Pelman Institute, and became a student of the "little grey books." Within a few months that officer had so distinguished himself by ability and zeal that he was promoted to an important command *over the heads of senior officers!* He generously gives the credit to Pelmanism.

This officer's experience is remarkable, but by no means unique, in the Pelman records. Letters are constantly being received by the Pelman Institute from Army and Navy officers, business and professional men and women, telling of extraordinary advantages directly resulting from a few weeks' study of the "little grey books," in which the simple principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly expounded.

Is "Pelmanism" worth while?

Let any man of common sense reflect upon the fact that *nearly one hundred Admirals and Generals*, as well as considerably over 30,000 other officers and men are now Pelmanists. Would one of these waste a moment of their scanty and hard-won leisure over the study of Pelmanism unless they were convinced, by plain evidence and by the private testimony of brother officers, that Pelmanism is unquestionably worth while?

The extracts from letters published by the Pelman Institute during the past year or two constitute the most remarkable volume of evidence of its kind that has ever been made public. There is not a class or rank—from the highest to the humblest—from which there has not come *voluntary* evidence that the Pelman System—duly practised—NEVER FAILS TO PRODUCE ALL THE BENEFITS THAT ARE CLAIMED FOR IT.

All Classes Benefit.

Pelmanism is not confined to any particular class. *Every* class is benefiting.

Clerks, typists, salesmen, tradesmen, and artisans are benefiting in the form of increased salaries and wages. Increases of 100% and 200% in salary are quite frequently reported; in several cases, 300% is mentioned as the increase of salary due to Pelmanism!

Professional men find that "Pelmanising" results, not only in an immense economy of time and effort, but also in vastly more efficient work. It says something for Pelmanism when members of such different professions as solicitors, doctors, barristers, clergymen, architects, journalists, accountants, musicians, and schoolmasters, have all expressed their emphatic appreciation of the value of Pelmanism as a means of professional advancement.

Members of Parliament (both Houses), peers and peeresses, men and women high in social and political life, famous novelists, actors and artists, scientists, professors and university graduates and tutors—the "little grey books" have ardent admirers amongst all of these. Even Royalty is represented—and by *several* enrolments!

A National Institution.

Look where you will, the new movement is permeating every section of the community. The Pelman Institute has become, in effect, a national institution, and there are many who predict that, sooner or later, it must become so in fact.

But State control could add nothing to the efficiency with which the work of the Institute is carried on. The instructional staff includes psychologists of the highest reputation on both sides of the Atlantic; every one of our great Universities is represented thereon. And the organisation of the instructional work is, in itself, a splendid tribute to Pelmanism; for every student receives individual consideration, and his or her problems or difficulties receive the close attention of a capable practical psychologist.

All sorts of problems—some of them new and some of them familiar—are being brought every day to the Pelman Institute for advice and help; and it is safe to say that no "Pelmanist" has yet been disappointed with the assistance given.

Wounded Officers "Pelmanising."

There must be some thousands of wounded officers and men throughout the country who are studying "Pelmanism" whilst in hospital; and these speak of the "little grey books" with real affection, not only as a source of present interest and pleasure, but also as a definite assurance of a more certain future.

Indeed, quite apart from any other advantage, the Course is well worth ten times the time and money simply for the stimulus it gives. The "little grey books" fill one with a new sense of power, a new and greater belief in Possibility.

It is not, however, merely the question of financial business, or professional gain that makes "Pelmanism" so desirable a training. Great as its achievements are in those directions, they are altogether transcended by the extent to which the System enables one to add to the interest and pleasures of existence. Some day, it is to be hoped, an eloquent pen will do justice to this theme the higher values of Pelmanism.

"Playing the Game."

Here is a characteristic letter bearing on the point; it was written by a University man now in the Army:

> "The Course has prevented me becoming slack
> "and stagnating during my Army life—this is a
> "most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates
> "a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing
> "the game of life—admirably suited to the English
> "temperament, and should prove moral salvation
> "to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would
> "follow—but I consider this as secondary."

Letters such as this, no less than those which speak of salaries doubled, positions and promotions gained, or other material advantages, make it clear that "TRUTH" was well justified in declaring that "the work of the Pelman Institute is of national importance"; they also explain why such distinguished public men as Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Mr. George R. Sims and others have not hesitated to endorse the methods and principles of the Institute. There is no man or woman who has expressed dissatisfaction with the result of his or her dealings with the Pelman Institute.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous report, and a form entitling readers of THE BYSTANDER to the complete Pelman Course *at one-third less than the usual fee*, on application to the Pelman Institute, 27, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Shoolbred's

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

SERVICE SHIRTS

MADE BY EXPERT MILITARY SHIRT TAILORS, THESE SHIRTS ARE UNEXCELLED FOR QUALITY & VALUE

IN KHAKI	
OXFORD SHIRTING	8/6
CEYLON FLANNEL	11/6
AZA FLANNEL	11/6
VIYELLA	13/6
FINE UNION TAFFETA	16/6
ZEPHYR WOOL	18/6
MEDIUM & STOUT FLANNELS. 13/6 14/6 15/6 16/6	
KHAKI SILK	21/-

Postage to France 1/- extra.

Tel.: Museum 4,000

Betty Phat-Pheet's daily doings

Betty's going a walking,
See how smart she looks,
Like a little lady
In the fashion books.

Oh, what pretty slippers!
What a dainty hat!
Doesn't she look charming
Dressed as fine as that?

Here are Betty's Walking Shoes

FOR whatever the occasion mother has been careful to provide the right Phat-Pheet model. This time she has been fortunate in securing a pair of war-time (Government controlled) Phat-Pheet, W.T. 739, for Betty's walks abroad. The uppers are cut from black glacé kid supplied by the Government at cost price—the soles are a good walking substance leather obtained also at cost. And although these shoes have been made on a famous Phat-Pheet last and finished as only the Phat-Pheet craftsmen know how, they cost not a penny more than other war-time shoes made in a similar style but not possessing the unique Phat-Pheet characteristics. Hence mother's satisfaction with her bargain is only equalled by Betty's intense pleasure with the ease and complete freedom her shoes give her.

W.T. 739.

Prices of W.T. 739

Sizes	7-8½	9-10½	11-12½	13-1½	Postage 4d. and
	10/4	10/10	12/-	12/6	Laces 3d. extra.

Write for sample Shoe and Phat-Pheet booklet.

Daniel Neal

& SONS LIMITED

Dept. 18—126 Kensington High Street, W. 8

Fitting rooms also at 68-70, Edgware Road, W., and 123, High Street, Putney, S.W.

PHAT PHEET

NOTE.—The advertisements of the House of Pope & Bradley are occasionally irrelevant.

"THE STANDARD DREAM"

It is an age of Standards.

So the standard war-worker—"unwearied in war-work"—at the first note of the standard Curfew obediently throws herself upon her rationed bed and dreams rationed dreams of her standard lover.

The rest of the story you must work out for yourselves.

A NIGHTMARE IN MUFTI

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

BACK from the wars and in Civil life once more, the Civilian lay in his standard bed, pulled his rationed blanket over his head, and tried to shut out the howlings of the unrationed wind.

Barely, it seemed, had he closed his eyes at Curfew, when the standard reveille blew, and climbing hurriedly into his standard clothes he sought the standard communal kitchen for his rationed breakfast. He fumbled for his ration card and was chilled to his rationed bones as he realised that he had lost it.

Dejectedly he wandered out into the coldest cold and reached the Embankment.

Economical as ever, he stripped off his standard suit and advanced to the edge of the parapet. For a space he stood there, his mind revolving busily, while the wind howled derision at his skinny nudity.

Just as he was about to take the plunge a cold, rough hand held him.

"Your suicide card, please," demanded the Official.

Wearily he turned to his discarded clothes—and found them gone—gone while his bony back was turned.

Rationless for a month! Clotheless for a year! Unable to live! Not permitted to die! he warmly surrendered his shivering frame to the custody of the standard gaoler.

* * * *

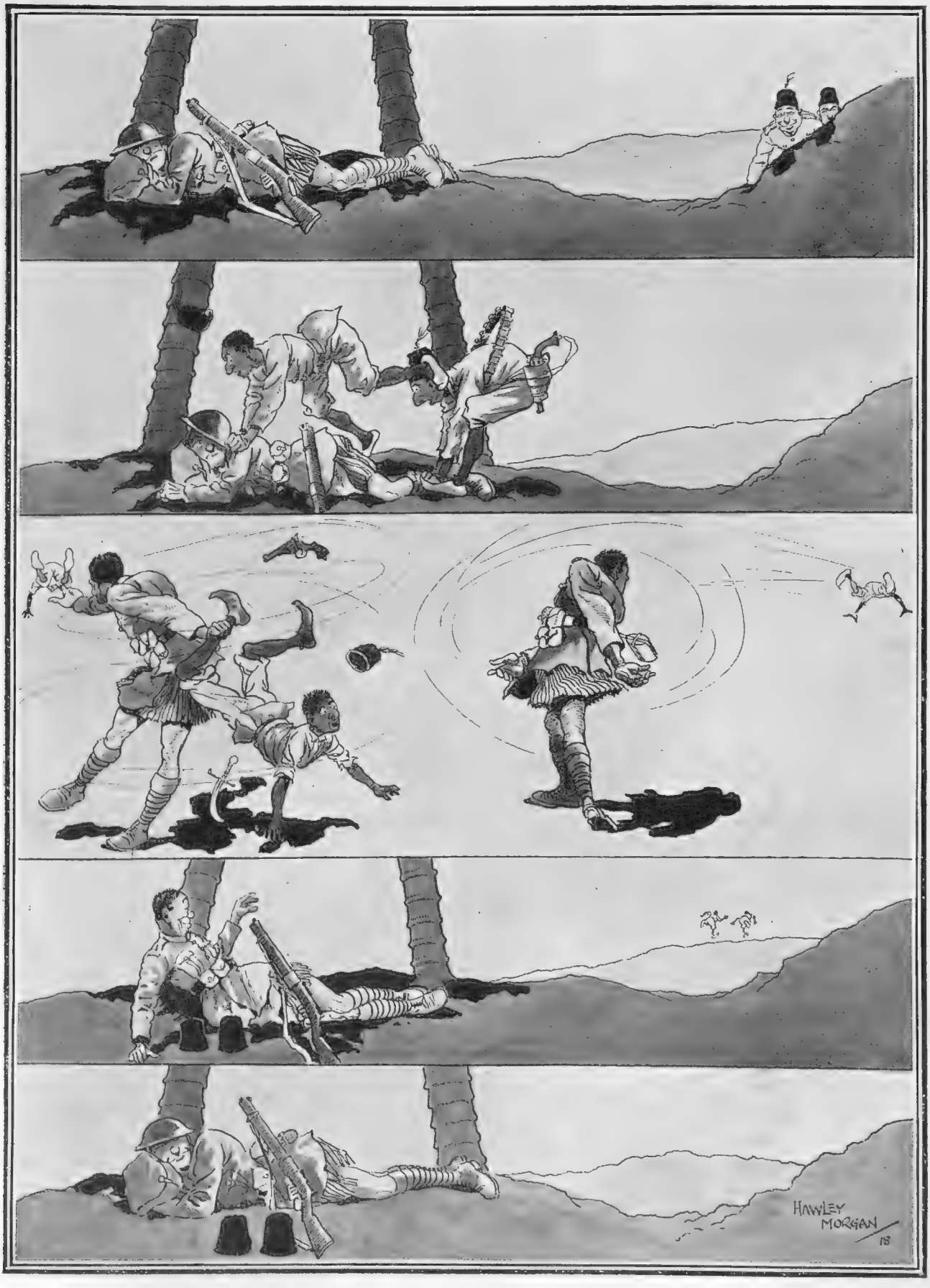
The Civilian awoke and smiled at the memory of his horrible dream, but as he placed his ration ticket in his pocket a thoughtful look came into his eyes.

* * * *

The following are Pope & Bradley's current prices. Heaven knows what they will be in the near future. Lounge Suits from £6 6 0, Dinner Suits from £8 8 0, Service Jackets from £5 15 6, Slacks from £2 12 6. New Naval and Military Kit List will be forwarded upon application to 14, Old Bond Street, W.

The "Strong Man" Event

AS LEARNT AT THE 'VARSITY AND PRACTISED IN THE FIELD



"CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN" OUTED BY THE "HAMMER-THROWER"

The Odd Halfpenny

BY THE OLD GUARD

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer was ever a grasping and rapacious person, even in the comparatively inexpensive days of peace. In war-time, his prehensile hand is of dire necessity in our pockets deeper still. We ourself, as an expert in High Finance, are well aware that if you are spending seven millions a day provision must be made for so prodigious an outgo; and the taxation of everything short of the air we breathe may be justified in the sacred name of expediency. But it seems to us that in his headlong rush to rake in the chips the Chancellor is distinctly personal to ourself, and has sought to impose one at least of his taxes in a direction as though it were his misguided aim that we should bear the whole cost of the war out of our own attenuated pouch. We have, therefore, risen in our might to shriek aloud to Heaven against the addition of a halfpenny to the penny postal rate.

WHILE we admit, with refreshing candour, that in this respect we have an axe of our own to grind, it must not be assumed that we speak herein for ourself alone. We are to-day the voice that speaks for the inarticulate millions of our land, who look to us to right the wrongful use of power. It is not for nothing that the time has been when the crowned heads of Europe have winced and shrunk before our holy anger and pious grief. As a large-hearted person, we will exonerate the Chancellor from the charge of having, with malice aforethought, directed this tax against ourself personally, especially if, on his part, he will let contrition take the practical form of restitution. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be perfectly well aware that a part of our daily occupation is the despatch by post of valuable manuscripts to editors of periodicals; and the Chancellor must be equally aware that it is a custom of our glorious profession to enclose a stamped envelope with every masterpiece, so that if it should not be welcome at its first call, it may not be entirely lost to an anxiously expectant world.

ON arrival at its destination, our letter is usually opened by the lady secretary of the editor to whom it has been laboriously addressed. She, recognising the enclosure as a manuscript which might, in the absence of the exercise of proper care, actually arrive at the dignity of print, promptly puts it in the stamped envelope we have thoughtfully supplied, and sends it back to us with an intelligent anticipation of the regret of the editor at being obliged to return a masterpiece that he does not even know he has received. This little daily amusement has hitherto cost us twopence a time. That is to say, speaking with the precision of good sportsmen, we have had a penny each way on it. It will now cost us threepence a time. The difference at the end of a week of daily postages will be minus sixpence to ourself. Translated into terms of Fleet Street, sixpence represents the present market price of a glass of small beer; and we will not go on labouring a conclusion that is obvious. We will come at once to the application of our argument and call upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with no uncertain sound, either to take off the odd halfpenny, or to reduce the price of Government ale.

IF it be argued that we are not obliged to avail ourself of the penny-halfpenny post, but should call and deliver in person our scintillating work upon graceless editors, we can but smile charitably at such lamentable ignorance of the details of our exalted craft. It is true that where an editor is a smaller man than ourself, we should have no objection to thrusting our masterpiece under his ill-conditioned nose; but there are editors in Fleet Street who have seen our manuscripts before; and they are large, beefy men, unrestrained by wholesome apprehensions of the Hereafter. The task of preparing jewels of thought for the public press requires a mood of contemplative calm, and this is not readily engendered in a man of genius who has been violently removed from six newspaper offices in succession during a single energetic morning, though we flatter ourself that we can create a good deal of excitement before the dismal climax lands us once more in the public thoroughfare outside. It is incumbent, therefore, on the Chancellor of the Exchequer not only to oblige ourself personally, but in the greater interests of the King's peace, to take off the odd halfpenny at once.

BY THE GLAD SEA WAVE

Mappin & Webb LTD.

Lady's 16-inch Morocco Leather Travelling Case, lined Silk, fitted with complete set of Sterling Silver Toilet requisites, Writing Materials, Manicure Instruments, &c.

£35 0 0

Waterproof Cover, 21/-

London Showrooms:

158-162, OXFORD ST., W. 1. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. 4. 172, REGENT ST., W. 1.

Manufactory and Showrooms:—THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

Branches at Paris, Biarritz, Lausanne, Nice, Rome, Montreal, Johannesburg, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo

AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

La Meriel

The Cigar De Luxe.

IN these days when cigars are so expensive La Meriel at 47/- per 100 will appeal to those who do not wish to pay heavily for their indulgence and yet enjoy the same entrancing charms of Havana. Try a box. We return your money if you are not satisfied. If your tobacconist cannot supply you we will and post paid.

47/- PER 100 ; 23/6 PER 50.

POST PAID FOR THE TROOPS ABROAD.

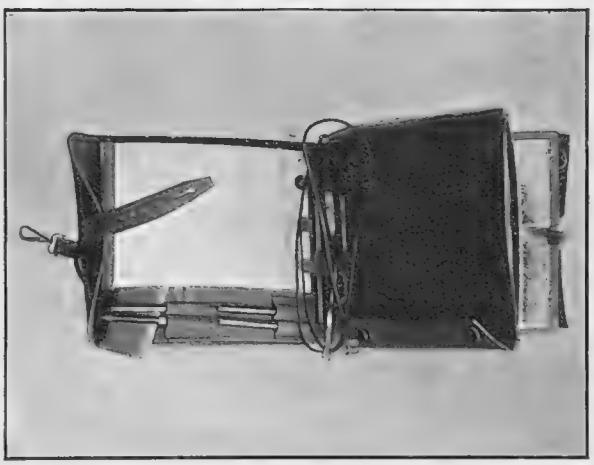
36/- PER 100 ; 18/- PER 50.

SIDNEY PULLINGER, Ltd.
41, Cannon Street, Birmingham.

As Illustrated

La Meriel DE LUXE

The "S. & A." RECONNAISSANCE MAP CASE.



No. 282. Folding waterproof khaki canvas, with transparent face 17 in. by 8¼ in. for map and extra pocket for spare maps—a pocket for papers—stiffened writing board with divisions, for message form C2121, pencils, divider, indiarubber, and protractor—pocket for carbons—button-hole tab and lanyard for use when working—leather handle and swivel hook for attaching to belt **£2 2 0**

Or fitted with 6 pencils, indiarubber, divider and protractor.. **£2 12 6**

No. 291.—**SAM BROWNE BELTS,** One shoulder strap. Best bridle leather ... **£2 5 0** Ditto Stitched Pigskin ... **£3 3 0**

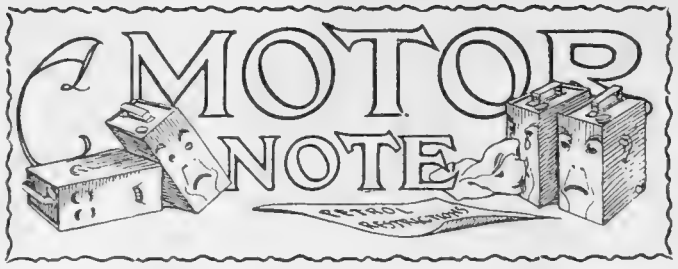
HAVERSACKS.—Extra large and strong, made from an Officer's design .. .. **... 17/6**
No. 281.—Ditto, with Leather Base .. .. .. **... 27/6**

Postage, Inland 6d., to B.E.F. 1l6 extra. Send for 1918 Illustrated List of Military Equipment.

SWAINE & ADENEY,

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.



I READ that the reason why our aeroplanes are superior to the German is because we are superior engine builders and superior wood workers; and we are superior engine and wood workers because, before the war, we were turning out superior and expensive motor cars. Therefore it is absurd to class expensive motor car chassis and bodies as luxuries because—well because one never knows how soon the experience acquired may be turned to the production of stark necessities. Which means, apparently, there are no such things as luxuries; which is even more absurd.

* * *

THE reason why the motor industry could be turned to aeroplane construction was because it possessed a considerable collection of very useful tools and a very considerable knowledge of engine construction. Also it had a large number of body builders, and these were useful because they were accustomed to handling wood.

* * *

THE fact of the matter is that we had almost to revolutionise our ideas, even of engine building, in order to produce our aeroplane power plant, and we had to bring into existence practically an entirely new army of workers in the wood department. Doubtless the great majority of the components of this army never handled wood as motor-car body builders and doubtless quite a considerable number came to the job of aeroplane wood workers without sufficient knowledge to build a really decent rabbit hutch.

* * *

I LIKE to scoop in all the credit possible for the motor industry; but it adds nothing to the large kudos that industry has earned to make claims for it that are obviously grotesque. It has taken us nearly four years to attain our present aerial supremacy on the constructional side, and that is long enough for people of British type and with British resources to pick up the knowledge of how to build to the design which experience has shown so painfully to be necessary, even though they started as the blankest tyros.

* * *

HAVING cleared out one side of Kingsway to make way for the Air Board, the Board of Works has started on Great Portland Street; and with its usual fatal facility for doing the wrong thing, has deprived the Clincher Company of its house and home, the Clincher Company being, in the nature of its business, wholly engaged upon direct or indirect war work, in which respect it differs from quite a number of other firms, wholly engaged upon work of no national importance, whose premises have *not* been collared.

* * *

WITH the idea of encouraging thrift among their employees, the B.S.A. Company has just conducted a draw for £100 in six prizes. The conditions were that participants should have deposited at least £1 in the Birmingham Municipal Bank and have held an account for at least three months. A very good idea, and worth emulation by other employers in the motor trade who regard thrift as an encourageable virtue.

"C.A.V." BRITISH BATTERIES for American Cars. Correct size, voltage, and capacity for any make and model Fully guaranteed.—Write for particulars, C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W. 3.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

Smartness with Economy

IT costs but a few shillings to have a costume or suit cleaned and pressed in the Achille Serre way. The result will astonish you. The worn-out look will have vanished, and spots and stains will have gone. Your costume will be as neat and fresh as the day you first received it. The Achille Serre method means smartness with economy.

Write for Illustrated Booklet, which gives Prices, List of Branches and Particulars of our Services.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London, E. 9

Telephone: East 3710 (4 lines).

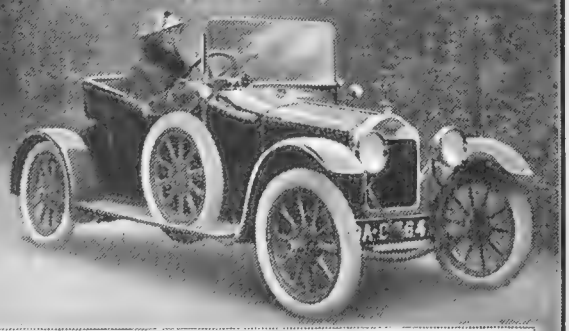
Branches & Agents everywhere

F 33.

Stellite Cars

PRE-WAR MODELS WERE BUILT BY SKILLED MECHANICS UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF ENGINEERING EXPERTS IN CAR PRODUCTION

Manufactured by a subsidiary of Vickers Limited



POST-WAR CARS WILL BE BUILT UNDER IMPROVED CONDITIONS.

ADD YOUR NAME TO OUR "WAITING LIST"

THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES Co. LTD

WARD END WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON AGENTS:

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. YORK ST. WESTMINSTER. S.W.1.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE theatres continue to claim almost weekly attention with *premières*, and, viewed as in my particular rôle, from the dress aspect, there is quite a good deal worth recording in *Press the Button* at the Globe. Having requisitioned perhaps the safest services in Town, Miss Marie Löhr wears three of the most enchanting frocks the stage has seen for some time. A dream of cool elegance is the confection in which she makes her first appearance, of delicate putty-coloured charmeuse, with a sort of glorified jumper of georgette of the same delicate tone. What I admired particularly about the latter was the cleverly shaped *ceinture*, which is quite narrow and embroidered, and just defines the figure in the subtlest fashion, the lower half dividing at the sides, as do so many of the newest and most attractive jumpers and tunics.

Essentially of the summer moment, too, is the cool white cloth selected by Miss Löhr, relieved by severe embroidered lines of jade green, and worn with a chain of jade beads, that reaches almost to the hem of the skirt, weighted with a plaque of jade. Nor is there any tentativeness in the slimness of this model. Less skilfully handled, it is conceivable that such bolster-like lines might have proved the very reverse of attractive, and the deep, folded sash an aggressive feature rather than the enchanting attribute it unquestionably was; but that is just where fine sartorialism proves its quality.

Miss Löhr's evening toilette is enough to rouse envy in hearts that are temporarily deadened to clothes. A flashing, scintillating vision of blue and gold shot tissue, partially veiled by an overdress cut all of a piece, and deep enough to cover the upper part of the arms, of wide fancy mesh gold net, the hem heavily and deeply embroidered in gold, with here and there a suspicion of emerald dropped in. A wonderful *ceinture* completes this *chef d'œuvre* of gold embroideries, with more assertive pieces of emerald introduced, surmounted by a girdle of large gold beads. A beauteous gown indeed, and worn by Miss Marie Löhr with that delightful unconsciousness which is always such an added charm.

A BISCUIT VOILE
With dull red, gold, and black embroideries

Voile Pekiné

VERY far removed from the ordinary is our original offering of a *chic* voile frock, a delicate biscuit shade checked over with a fine cord—of course interwoven—the embroidery used having a good deal of dull red gold with touches of black intermixed. That quaint little bib idea is a great favourite at the moment, and is frequently to be seen effected in group tucks.

Apropos of voiles, there is no mistaking the exceeding daintiness of the Grafton qualities. Both in texture and design these are so singularly superior; the present season, indeed, surpassing anything ever before achieved in colouring and artistic design. Nor are the self shades at all behind in up-to-date character and charm, the mauves appealing with particular persuasion. In Grafton voiles there are over 200 designs to choose from, and one can always ensure getting the right thing by seeing Grafton stamped on the selvedge.

"La Naturelle"

THE very closest investigation fails to detect the slightest difference between M. Georges' ingenious work of art and hair growing upon the human head; and beautiful hair at that—hair that waves in the most

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

approved manner—for the simple reason that M. Georges deigns to use no other than the best natural tresses for his artistic postiche work—a fact that women whose own hair is straggly and thin will do well to take to heart, since there can be no question as to the vast superiority and charm of *La Naturelle* over an unprepossessing natural growth. While as to those whose hair, from departing youth, worry, or anxiety, is falling out and causing a bald appearance, *La Naturelle* is a veritable boon and blessing, not only taking years off the apparent age, but ensuring a charming and exquisitely dressed coiffure.

So marvellous is the reality of *La Naturelle* that the hair can be parted and arranged in various modish ways. Indeed, the parting merely serves to accentuate the skilful manipulation, each hair having the appearance of growing from the actual skin of the head. A visit to the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, is a very illuminating and interesting event, but should that be out of the question, M. Georges will forward full particulars and illustrations of various becoming styles by post. The *toupets* commence at 4 guineas and full transformations at 10 guineas, and when it suits clients, M. Georges is pleased to make arrangements for the *Times* system of payment. No woman need be without her *La Naturelle;* and none values its possession more than the busy war-worker, whose duties forbid a prolonged *toilette.*

LA NATURELLE"
A perfect example at the Maison Georges

Ready-to-Put-On Embroideries and Bead Trimmings

It is something of a surprise even to those of us who are gratuitously kept in touch with pretty well everything that is going on in the world of dress to observe the wealth of novelties in trimmings and decorative details. Most especially interesting and attractive are the embroideries in silk and wool on black net. There

(Continued on page 440)

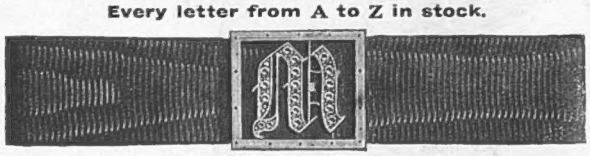
Charles Packer & Co Ltd.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

THE FASHIONABLE RIBBON WRISTLET

With Diamond Initial set in Palladium and White Enamel Slide.

Every letter from A to Z in stock.



All £4 4 0 each.

The Royal Munster Fusiliers

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

Money returned in full if not approved.

The 9th Lancers

Badge Brooch of every Regiment in stock.

Can be supplied by return.

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES All £2 2 0 each

15-CT. GOLD AND ENAMEL. All £2 2 0 each

The Royal Engineers, also Collar Badge

The Royal Navy, with Gold or Silver Anchor. Also supplied with R.N.R. and R.N.V.

The Tank Corps

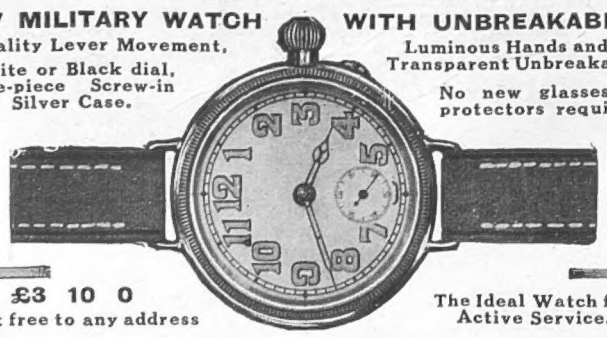
THE NEW MILITARY WATCH WITH UNBREAKABLE FRONT

Fine Quality Lever Movement, White or Black dial, One-piece Screw-in Silver Case.

Luminous Hands and Figures. Transparent Unbreakable Front. No new glasses or protectors required.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

Illustrated Catalogue of Badge Brooches sent free on request.



£3 10 0 Post free to any address

The Ideal Watch for Active Service.

The King's Royal Rifle Corps

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

The Royal West Kent Regiment

Conscripts to Efficiency

THERE are thousands of firms clamouring for Efficient Methods who four years ago would not lift a finger in that direction

They are Conscripts to Efficiency

The war has brought about Compulsory Efficiency in British Industry . . . No business of magnitude can live under present conditions unless it is Efficient Never before has the demand for K & J Efficiency Service and Equipment been so great . . . Never before have such enormous difficulties existed in meeting those demands

The difficulty of obtaining materials, and the further withdrawal of labour, make it imperative for K & J to restrict supplies of their Specialities to Regular Customers, Government Departments, and Firms on War Work

Kenrick & Jefferson LTD

LONDON:
22 St Andrew Street Holborn Circus EC 4

BIRMINGHAM: 20 Temple Street
CARDIFF: 5 Church Street
LEEDS: 82 Albion Street
LEICESTER: 19 & 20 Corridor Chambers Market Place
LIVERPOOL: 30 Castle Street
MANCHESTER: 7 Blackfriars St
GLASGOW: 166 Buchanan Street
SHEFFIELD: 28 Change Alley
SWANSEA: 3-5 Goat Street
BELFAST: Scottish Provident Bldgs Donegall Square

Head Office - Multigraph Works - West Bromwich

GENUINE IMPORTED EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES AT MODERATE PRICES

There is a world

of difference between an "Egyptian" Cigarette made in England and a cigarette that is made in Egypt.

It isn't just a matter of skilful handling—climate affects the manipulation of tobacco more than the uninitiated would think.

"Le Kanopus" Cigarettes are made in Egypt, of choice Oriental tobaccos. The man who wants a really good Egyptian Cigarette will thoroughly appreciate "Le Kanopus."

LE KANOPUS
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE

Guaranteed made of Pure Oriental Tobaccos

PRICES: 1/- for 10; 2/-, 20; 5/-, 50; 9/11, 100

High-class tobacconists everywhere stock "Le Kanopus." Ask for this brand when you want a good Cigarette.

Harrods
CHIC BLOUSES

HARRODS on a garment endorses a correctness of style, excellence of material, perfection of workmanship, and a regard for Value which has made — and which keeps—this House pre-eminent.

B.S. BUTE

A well-tailored Shirt in natural coloured Schappe Jap, very effective collar, which may be worn over the coat. Sizes 13½ to 14½

21/9

O.S. 3/- extra.

HARRODS GEORGIAN RESTAURANT

Be advised to try the "Georgian" for Luncheon. People who should know tell us the cuisine is unexcelled in London.

HARRODS LD *Woodman Burbidge, Managing Director* LONDON SW1

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

is real cuteness in the selection of the latter as background, for it does not show even when used in light materials, blending as it does with the *broderie*. Sold by the yard or by the motif, these trimmings are being bought with avidity for the decorating of dainty summer gowns, on which a splash of vivid coloured embroidery can do no wrong. Motifs of bead embroideries are particularly telling, and there are also some of coarse wool in effective modern harmonies that deck up to perfection some simple, sombre-hued cotton dress.

The Badge Habit

THAT this grows with the wearing must be obvious to the dullest intelligence. Every woman among us is badged, nowadays, either for merit or sentimental notions; and whether it be the "Tommy's" wife or sweetheart who displays her man's buttons, fitted up as a brooch, or the Guardsman's lady, who wears a diamond insignia, with the familiar red and blue enamel, the gracious recognition is the same. Particularly fascinating in form and character are the Air Force badges, a great speciality, among others, at Wilson and Gill's, 139-141, Regent Street. After the style of the one depicted, the cost ranges from £3; in gold and enamel, with diamond monogram, there is a rise to £5 15*s*., and if the wings are of palladium to £6 15*s*. Equally in request here is the diamond initial bangle, threaded on black moire or a regimental ribbon. These are the prettiest wrist adjuncts ever devised, and are worn alike with day or evening dress. At £3 15*s*. Wilson and Gill supply any initial

AN ENAMEL R.A.F. BADGE
At Wilson and Gill's

in fine diamonds, surrounded by white enamel, and any regimental ribbon, and are always kept busy executing orders, many of which come to them direct from the front.

Happy, Healthy Harrogate

To advise those who seek health to go to Harrogate is almost as superfluous as the reminder that "there is a war on." What will interest the reader is the statement that arrangements have been made whereby visitors to Harrogate are assured of a food — and a train — supply adequate to their needs. Those who need the benefit of the waters and treatments alone afforded by Harrogate can therefore decide to secure the same as readily as they would in pre-war days. Harrogate takes greater importance than ever in its unrivalled facilities for a "Cure," and many people, formerly in the habit of going to one or other of the Continental Spas have learnt that they can obtain their accustomed treatment at Harrogate with the advantage of a tonic climate naturally more suited to them. With all the social amenities and recreations of "The Spa on the Moors," and Mr. Julian Clifford's famous orchestra, it may be said that nowhere can one find such rest and recuperation as at Harrogate.

Women's Part in National Service

Many women engaged in commercial business houses were present at the address given by Lady Mackworth on "Women's Part in National Service," under the auspices of the Association of Advertising Women, on Monday, at the Trocadero. This Association is most helpful to women workers, who can obtain full information as to its scope and activities from the Hon. Sec., Miss M. M. Longley, Evelyn House, 62, Oxford Street, W.

The Importance of Paper

Readers who come across instances of waste of paper should communicate by letter with the Paper Controller, 23, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

ZAIR'S
OFFICERS' CANES, &c.
With the new "Gadget" Loop.

Prices from 6/- to 30/- each. Postage included

Write for Catalogue of Whips, Sticks, and Spurs.

G. & J. ZAIR, 115, BISHOP STREET. BIRMINGHAM

From all Saddlers and Military Outfitters.

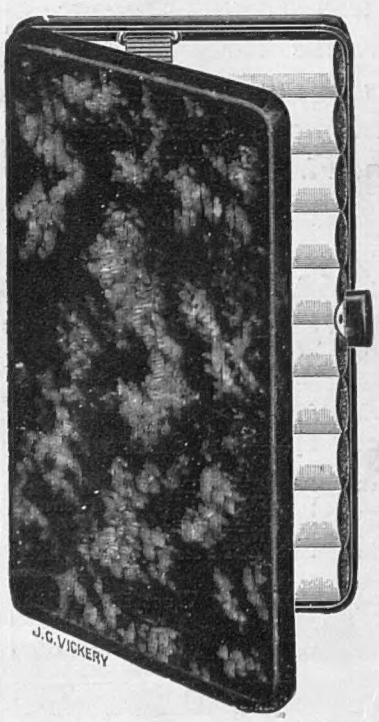
ON SATURDAY, 6th JULY,
THERE WILL BE A
CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S
CHURCH v. STAGE,
IN AID OF THE
CHURCH ARMY
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916)
RECREATION HUTS AT THE FRONT

The arrangements are being made on the Church side by the Revs. A. M. Batty, Rector of West Hackney, and F. H. Gillingham, Rector of Bermondsey; and on the Stage side by Sir Frank Benson and Mr. Oscar Asche.

THE BAND OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY WILL PLAY.
Further particulars later.

J.C. VICKERY
177 to 183 REGENT ST. LONDON W.
Their Majesties' Jewellers, Silversmiths & Dressing Case Manufacturers.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Useful Novelties Post Free



Solid Tortoiseshell Double Row Cigarette Case 5in. x 3in. Very flat and nice for the pocket, only
£4 4s. 0d.

Similar shape case in Solid Sterling Silver
£4 15s. 0d.

Cigarette Cases and Cigar Cases also in Solid Gold, Fine Leather, etc.

GOLD MOUNTED TORTOISESHELL CIGARETTE TUBES special value.
3½in. 24/6, 4in. 27/6, 5in. 35/-.